Fit "TripleX" -and be safe TRIUMPH do




# THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVI No. 1910 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — AUGUST 29 1936



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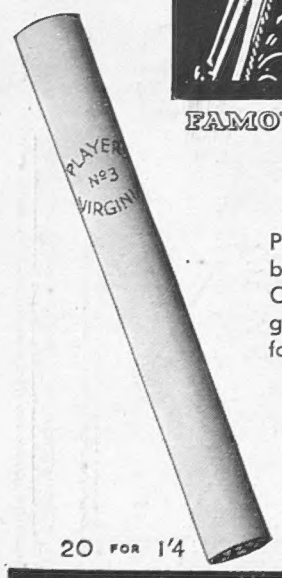


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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 29, 1936.

# FRANCO CALLS IN THE MOORS

## Moroccan Troops Pictured at Burgos, where They have Arrived to Fight for the Rebel Cause

That native troops should be brought from Africa to participate in a white people's quarrel has aroused world-wide comment, but it is by no means without precedent in European history, and its significance really lies in the fact that it demonstrates the intensity of the present conflict in Spain. The Moors, together with the Spanish Foreign Legionaries, have been generally regarded as the backbone if not the élite of General Franco's army, possessing fighting qualities of a high order, and it came as a surprise this week when it was reported that some of them had revolted and shot their superior officers. Altogether there are 9,000 natives in the rebel service, and while the blockade of the Straits of Gibraltar has prevented many of them being transported to the Peninsula those that have crossed have played a vital part in affairs. The week before last they stormed their way relentlessly and ruthlessly to Badajoz, matching their courage in hand-to-hand battles with the desperate but equally courageous Government defenders, and but for them the day would doubtless have been lost. Since then, however, they are said to have become discontented through not receiving their pay

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B–ATHING B–EACH C–AMEO: Sir John Reith, the Director-General of the B.B.C., with Lady Reith and their two children at Thorpness, Suffolk, where they are spending a holiday

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

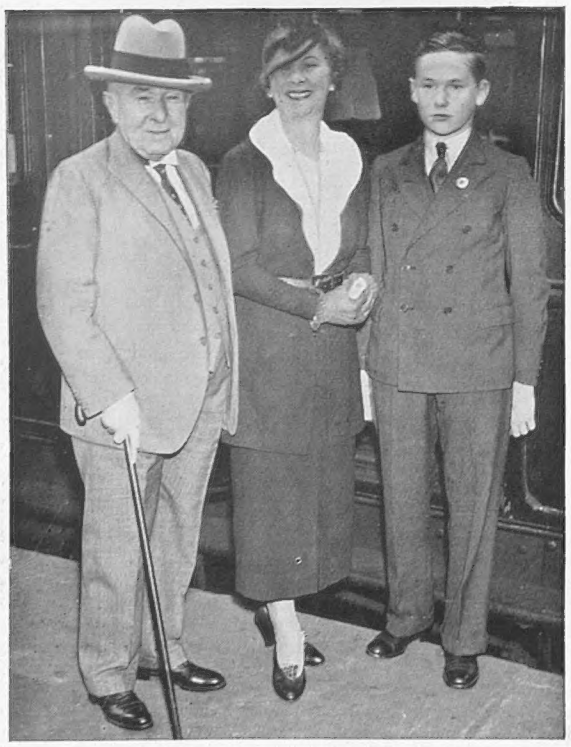
ROSS-SHIRE, N.B.
Wednesday, August 26, 1936.

## THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

—Up here in the sane and wholesome Highlands, the tragedy of Spain seems like a half-remembered nightmare. Thousands of happy tourists are bringing prosperity to Scotland's northern and eastern resorts, the wind blows sweet over heather and bog-myrtle, and men are thinking more of grouse and golf than of the mass murder of political opponents. That horror in the background seems to enhance the innocence of our diversions and the sweetness of the Highland air. But in Spain the struggle goes relentlessly on, and the end seems nowhere in sight unless it be in the San Sebastian area where it is said the Basques are tired of slaughter and would welcome a return to basketball and sun-worship. But the anti-Government forces are still well-organised under the political direction of Señor Gil Robles, the Catholic leader, who is now in Portugal and, unless the uncontrolled atrocities of the black troops should bring both sides to a realisation of the horror that party strife has brought on their common fatherland, the hideous tragedy will drag itself slowly out till Spain is bled white and lies at the mercy of all the vultures which may drop down to pick her bones. It is certainly advisable for Mr. Eden to curtail his holiday and bend his mind to a practical scheme for reorganising the League of Nations on a basis which would tempt Germany to re-enter the fold.

## A RELIGIOUS WAR?

—Abyssinia proved a tempting morsel for an act of aggression. Sunny Spain, in the heart of Latin Europe, lying exhausted and at the mercy of any passer-by with a passion for political missioning or an urge for a place in the sun, may yet prove a terrible bone of contention in Europe unless the Powers which are strong in armaments and stable in government—whatever their political labels may be—can once more unite to maintain the integrity of those countries in Europe which, weakened to danger point by the Treaty of Versailles or internal conflict, have provided since 1919 one of the principal causes of European jealousy and fear. The Spanish tragedy is unique in one particular. Merciless brutality—sheer barbarism—in civil war has many historical instances when the struggles have been class against tyrant class, or religion against religion. But here there is no class set against class. Underdog is exterminating underdog, the rank and file on either side are brothers of one family and of one class; yet with none of the stimulus which a war of religion or a war of emancipation from tyranny under oligarchical rule affords, these brothers are at death's grip and the total destruction of their common heritage is the only point of agreement between them. What is the explanation of this new and hideous phenomenon? I can only think that what Beverley Nichols declares in his ingenuous best-seller, *The Fool Has Said*, is substantially true—that the world to-day is in the grip of a great religious revival, religious but not Christian; and that Fascism, Communism, and other chief political labels are indeed religious banners, the dictators of Europe are Messiahs, and the political wars are indeed wars of religion.



HOMEWARD BOUND: Mr. J. W. Schlesinger, the South African millionaire promoter of the £10,000 London-Johannesburg Air Race, seen with his wife and son as he was about to leave Waterloo on the Southampton boat train. They sailed in the *Stirling Castle*, which is attempting to break the record for a sea journey to the Cape and has already reached Madeira in record time

## STRAGGLERS OF '95.

—A note on three well-known men, lately dead. All were in a sense stragglers from a dead era, the age of Privilege. Lord Banbury was described at the end of his career as the "Last of the Tories" until it was discovered that Mr. Duff Cooper was quite definitely that interesting museum piece. Sir Frederick Banbury, as he was best known, certainly appeared to oppose most reforms and innovations. The decay of smartness in man's apparel, the enfranchisement of women, especially their entry into Parliament, these and such like manifestations of the end of the "great days" he deplored and resisted in the last ditch. He had his hardy annuals, like the "Dog Bill" — anti-vivisection — which produced punctually, when he reached the Upper House, his duel with Sydney, Lord Knutsford. As a fact, he was by no means a blind Tory, he did not oppose change on principle. Time has perhaps proved that a policy which urges caution and deliberation before reforms become law, is still sound. Many of the changes which he labelled the "thin end of the wedge," "the beginning of the end," and so on, came in with acclamation, and may one day, to the enhancement of his reputation, be soundly trounced by the social historian. Lord Banbury indeed was a shrewd and experienced man, a success in the City, a sound parliamentarian, and a very useful member of the House.

## IN THE LINE OF GULLY.—

Sir Harry Preston could, with even greater justice, be described as a straggler from a dead era. He was first known to the elect as a notable and intensely keen pugilist. He fought and he encouraged glove fighting and staged many notable matches. He was, though an amateur, in the line of Belcher and of Gully, and if his career was less dazzling than Gully's and if he himself started life higher up the ladder, Preston and Gully are not inaptly linked in memory. He, too, had genius, chiefly for friendship and hotel management. He was an artist at both, and a pioneer in the latter art. He made his hotels at Brighton — the Royal York and the Royal Albion—something more than the meeting places of celebrities and forcing houses of his own friendships with people eminent in all walks of life. In an age when English cooking and hotel management were a blot on our escutcheon, he gave visitors to Britain an hotel which could compare favourably with the best on the Continent. This bald-headed, electric, energetic man became *ami des rois*, confidant of the fair and the famous, and a man whom every social snob and aspirant to the title of sportsman must be on Christian-name terms with at all costs. Preston had immense courage as well as energy and I doubt not he lived his life to the full.

## PLUNKET GREENE.—

Plunket Greene, that sweet singer, a charming Irishman and a great gentleman, belonged also to a saner, sweeter past. He, I think, though a great artiste, was in the line of Tommy Moore, for his art was (glorified) the art of Tom Moore who made the long evenings in great Whig houses pass so easily and so beautifully with his Irish melodies. But Plunket Greene was no amateur. He put our nation once more "on the map" as a cradle of song-composers comparable in merit with the German. He was versatile like Moore and wrote admirably on fishing and country lore. He had the keen appreciation of the poet, the keen powers of observation of the field naturalist and the ability of a Hudson to set down his observations and his poetry and his philosophy. Because he was a great artiste, his appeal was to all classes.

## THORNDON HALL.—

Thorndon Hall in Essex figured often in the annals of the Whigs in the great days of reform. The property has at last been disposed of to a syndicate, after being for 400 years in the possession of the Petre family, one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in England. It was Thorndon's neighbourhood to the home of Creevey's friend, Western, which gave Creevey his start in politics. For it was not the Duke of Norfolk (as usually it is said) who blindly nominated that unknown and untried adventurer to one of his pocket boroughs. Creevey was taken over by Western to Thorndon and introduced and recommended to Lord Petre, who gave Creevey his first seat (jointly in the Norfolk and Petre gift) and a great deal of legal business besides. And now Thorndon must lose its four centuries of tradition.

MADE GOOD: Mr. W. J. Jordan, ex-London policeman and newly-appointed High Commissioner for New Zealand, pictured outside his London hotel with his wife and children. He went out to the Dominion thirty-two years ago at a time when immigration was at its zenith, and he now returns to take up the key position in Anglo-New Zealand affairs. Mr. Jordan's first visit on arrival in England was to his eighty-four-year-old mother at Harringay

## SIR HENRY LYTTON.—

I suppose most people (outside the Sanger Circus) have been enthusiastic Savoyards in their time. When I was at Oxford the annual visit of the D'Oyly Carte Company was the event of the scholastic year, and as a matter of course one booked (well in advance) a seat for every performance. But I never saw Henry Lytton in those days, great Savoyard as he was. In the early years of the twentieth century it was Mr. Workman who took his parts and won our hearts; and once when Mr. Workman fell ill his substitute had a name like his (and beginning with a W), but I cannot recall it. He was but a pale shadow of Workman, and so greatly do I admire Workman that Henry Lytton himself never came up to him in my judgment, certainly not in the part which showed Gilbert at his most delicate in wit, finesse, or pathos. Workman was the super-Plaza-Toro, the superb Lord Chancellor, and the ideal Jack Point. I concede Lytton the palm in *The Mikado* and in *Ruddigore*. One grew weary in the end of the operas, even the low-brows. A day came when one could hear them no longer. What a life for those who, decade after decade, played and sang the same parts, repeated the same well-worn Gilbertian puns

jests, and produced the same Gilbertian situations non-stop throughout the provinces and the Empire! If ever a man deserved a knighthood it was Lytton. If ever an honour was a satisfactory reward it was Lytton's; for no man ever got greater pleasure from one, and I doubt if any man ever gave more pleasure to others. And he had a hard struggle to win recognition.

**MR. BOOTHBY.**—Mr. Bob Boothby has announced that he may not seek re-election after the life of the present Parliament. Like so many back benchers with minds of their own, he has found politics a disappointing business. There are many young and ambitious men in Parliament, but only those who go with the herd rise above the herd. To attain to office they must respond to the guiding rein and fear the Whip. If they allow themselves the luxury of thinking for themselves, they will come in time to discover, like Mr. Boothby, that industry offers a wider scope of usefulness for men of ideas, spirit, ambition, and ability. Perhaps that is why our perennial Cabinet-men seem cut to a pattern. Perhaps that is why we deplore the mediocrity of the statesmen of our day. It is best, if you would succeed in Parliament, to go at it young (as did Mr. Boothby) and to be an obedient sheep (as was not Mr. Boothby). Premiers like a quiet life and Mr. Boothby was not one to let sleeping dogs lie. He woke them up with pin pricks. He would think things out for himself. So Mr. Boothby is a private member and is turning his eyes towards industry. The trouble is, industry and finance are very close corporations also and those tempting directorships are kept in the industrial or financial family, the multiple rewards handed out to obedient children. *Surtout pas de zèle* is the motto for success in politics at any rate. And I fancy that Sir Oswald Mosley, Mr. MacMillan, Mr. Boothby and one or two more I could name, would ruefully admit it. Those who must plough, plough a lonely furrow, and plough it in the desert sand.

**NOTES ON THE NORTH ROAD.**—Some of the best surfaces in the kingdom are surely on the Great North Road, but it is to-day by no means consistently good. An admirable stretch is that between Stamford and Grantham. But it is marred by the squared curbs. No doubt these fine stretches of road must be "kept in" with edgings, but it is hard to accept the argument that the curbs must be squared sharply. They are a great source of danger to careless speed-fiends, and such fine surfaces naturally encourage fast driving. I am afraid there is no doubt they have caused many serious accidents which sloped edges or levelled curbs would have avoided. Probably the best surfaces now in the kingdom are to be found on the approach roads to Edinburgh, from Melrose on the South Gala along the Gala valley and from Perth via Kinross on the North. These, it is true, are winding roads, but the surfaces, banking, and smoothing-out of twists are quite admirable. The new rationalised Queen's Ferry is a great boon to motorists to the Highlands. With shrewd timing the Firth can be crossed and the journey resumed in under twenty minutes, with a saving of at least thirty miles over the dreary roads via Stirling, while the "voyage" on the ferry boat beside the towering Forth Bridge with its tiny toy trains crawling along high overhead in the sky, is interesting as well as time-saving.

**DRYBURGH ABBEY.**—How efficient is the administration of the Lowlanders. It makes me wonder why the Edinburgh traffic police find it necessary to be so terse and tyrannical in their business. But I suppose it is due to the tourist invasion. Edinburgh in August always looks like London on Cup-final day, crammed to bursting point with "alien" crowds. The charm of the Scott country does not diminish. Here again Lowland local administration can give points to English. Scotland knows better than England how to preserve its ancient monuments and to conserve its natural beauties and amenities. They know, no doubt, the commercial value of such preservation and have safeguarded their pride as well as their pockets. Dryburgh is a good example of admirable preservation. I was glad to pay pious pilgrimage to that lovely, peaceful haven with its matchless "island site" on the Tweed, its smooth shaven lawns, and admirably shown relics of departed greatness. In the peace and dignity of Dryburgh only the last resting places of the two great Scotsmen who lie there seem to lack some of the majesty of the place. I felt that something finer might have been made beneath that ruined canopy of both Scott's and Haig's tombs. For the setting is matchless and utterly appropriate.

THE RIGHT SETTING: Alan Napier, the actor who is to appear in the new Charlot production, *Gentle Rain*, has been in a London nursing home with throat trouble, so in order not to interrupt rehearsals Viola Keats visited him and they went over their lines together. By a coincidence the scene of the play is a sick room

GLOOMY BRIDE AND WAILING GROOM: Two youngsters who failed to smile for the judge at the Tiny Tots Fancy Dress Parade at Southend Carnival

SWEDISH EXERCISE: These two girls from Stockholm have come over to England for a walking tour, but before making for the open road they have been sightseeing on foot in London

**CORFU—THE HOLIDAY-HOUSE OF KINGS.**—Royalty cannot escape. The *Nahlin* has never dodged the spotlight of publicity, and the King's well-earned holiday has been illustrated by hundreds of snapshots, instantly reproduced in all the illustrated papers in Europe and British provincial towns. Indeed there has been more photography than word-pictures. The telephoto lens has been the chief instrument of the news-seekers, and that no doubt is to the good since the imagination of the ambitious press-reporter can range sometimes extraordinarily widely. The camera shows the King to be enjoying the sort of holiday he likes and needs, days of great energy in the sun and free from the fetters of State affairs. A few days ago he paid a brief visit to Corfu, the haven of so many sovereigns. Here came (in our own day) that restless wanderer, the charming and tragic Elizabeth of Austria; here came the Kaiser who longed to make Corfu his place of banishment, and here King George of Greece is recuperating after his first round which ended in that sudden (but in Greece familiar) punch—the military coup d'état.

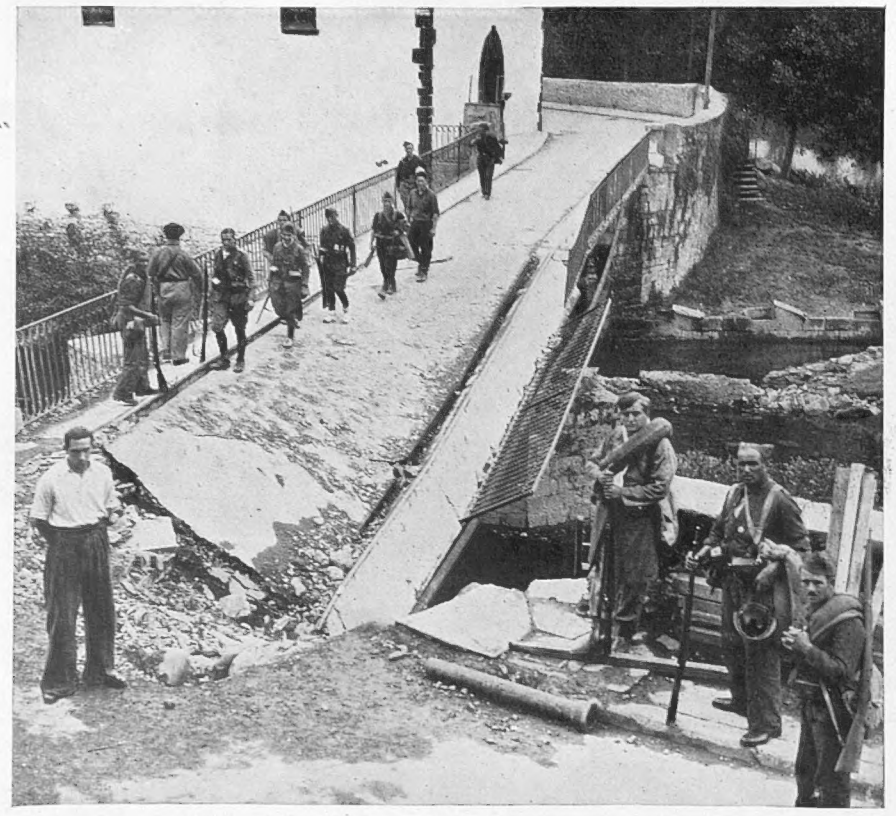
**A HUNDRED USHERS, AND A' AND A'.**—"They" say that applications are already being received by the Earl Marshal's Department for the coveted post of Usher at the Coronation. "They" say that 100 of these officials will be appointed to bow distinguished guests to their seats. They will wear Court dress or uniform and be presented with an ornamental stave of office, and an unrivalled private view of the proceedings. Small wonder if applications are already being received for so agreeable a job. But there are conditions precedent. "They" say that none need apply who is not a retired Army officer or the "relative of a peer." It is piquant, this glorious *mêlange* of snobbery and free democracy which is bound to invest the ancient ceremony. Still, the number of men who may fairly describe themselves as retired army officers is large, and even of those who could (if they would) claim relationship to a peer is by no means small. Why precisely "relationship to a peer"? Will only such blue-blooded cadets be likely to achieve the courtly bow essential to their functions, or is it rather that the newer "creations" in the peerage will be more sure of instant recognition, if among the "usherage" a blood relation can step forward to identify them? Anyway, it sounds an interesting and entertaining "picking" from the age of privilege.

**THE MENACE OF BRACKEN.**—There is no possible doubt whatever that the alarming increase of bracken on the common lands and its encroachment on agricultural land constitute a first-rate menace and problem alike to the National Trust and to farmers. The public, whose heritage thousands of acres of these heath lands are, have largely themselves to blame. Residents have resisted systematic burning for safety on the score of aesthetic considerations, and trippers have wantonly caused fires by carelessness or mischief. There is no doubt at all that when Cobbett viewed the wild and lonely scene from Hindhead a century ago (and thought it a dreadful desert where smiling corn lands should be) the heather vastly predominated over the bracken. Now it is all the other way. Everywhere the bracken triumphs. It is a worse enemy than the beetle to heather, and a great danger to the countryside and to forestry in droughts. Ways have been devised to cure it by mechanical devices, but they are very expensive. Far too expensive for individual farmers or local committees of the National Trust. Thus several southern counties possess types of gyro-rooters which claim to be able to extract the bracken roots and leave the top-spit on top for grass-sowing; in a word to cure the bracken menace along strips or fire-rides. But the machines are very costly. They may not operate outside their own counties and the cost of hire for dealing with fire-strips works out at over £2 an acre. Cutting the bracken brown is of no permanent good whatever. It merely clears a track for autum and winter. "Sloshing it green" will, if persisted in at least three times each summer, weaken the bracken immensely after three years, but the labour involved is usually prohibitive. It looks as if Government would have to help both farmer and the public, if the menace is to be held off. All summer I have been experimenting on my own bit of heathland. I have "sloshed" the uncurled green shoots as often as nine times this summer, and still it grows dense, though smaller of course. That gives the measure of bracken's obstinacy.

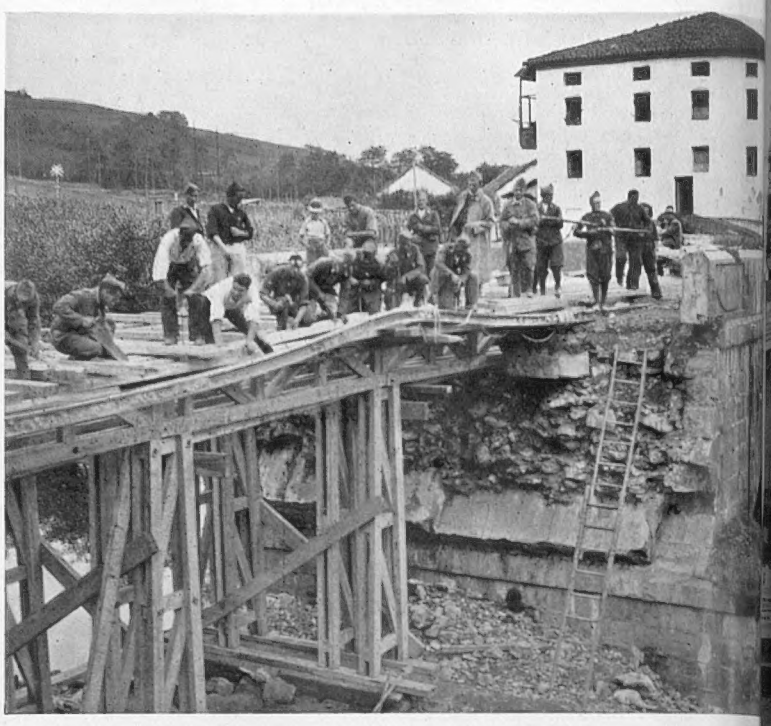
THE OLD STAGER.

# THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR SEEN FROM THE REBEL SIDE

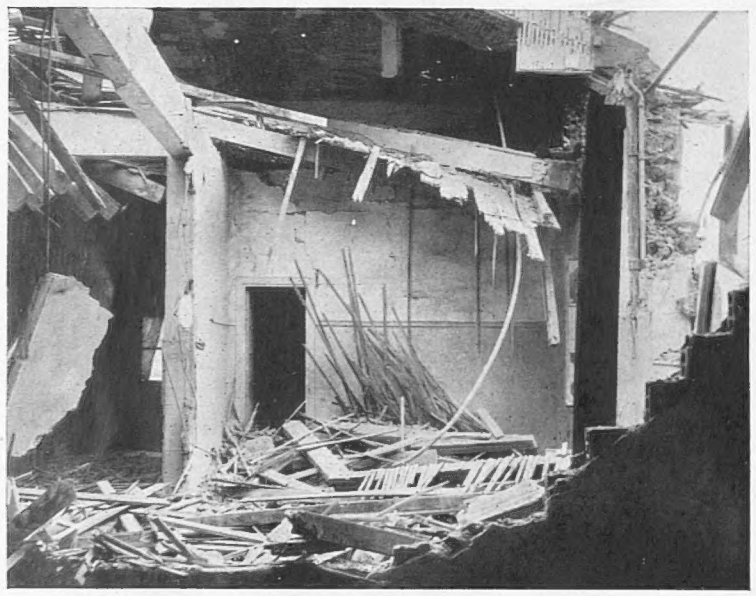
## The Cruiser "Almirante Cervera" Creates Havoc in San Sebastian : The Insurgents Capture Merida



LOYALISTS BLEW UP THIS BRIDGE in order to impede the advance of General Mola's forces on San Sebastian which during the past ten days has been the scene of even fiercer fighting than that which has taken place in the now famous Guadarrama Hills near Madrid. The rebels have been meeting the most determined opposition here and have suffered heavy casualties



INSURGENT ENGINEERS GET BUSY: Fixing up a bridge of wooden trestles a Andoain to take the place of the stone structure blown up by the retreatin "Reds," who thus gained time to consolidate their position in San Sebastia When the civil war finally comes to an end the highway authorities will ha to spend immense sums building new bridges in every part of the count



SHELLED FROM THE SEA: A dwelling house (*left*) and a maternity home (*right*) at San Sebastian which were destroyed by salvoes from the rebel cruiser *Almirante Cervera* which lay about six miles from the shore and kept up a continuous and devastating fire from 8.30 till noon on the morning of August 18. When the bombardment began a warning siren was sounded from the fire station and the population fled to the cellars, although quite a number of children, oblivious of the danger, stayed playing in the streets. About eighty shells fell in differe parts of the town, damaging particularly the houses on the sea front a wounding no fewer than fifty people. On the following day the *Almirante Cervera* which is a vessel of over 7,800 tons steamed farther along the coast to Gi where she was hit below the water line by the shore batteries and compel to make for Ferrol (the nearest port in rebel hands) in order to undergo repa

THE ATTACK ON MADRID FROM THE NORTH: *Left*—Rebels firing from a natural vantage point in the hill country which guards the way from Burgos to the capital. The struggle here has been going on ever since the start of the civil war in mid-July, and both sides have been very evenly matched. General Mola has obtained a large supply of sub-machine guns, however, two of which are shown in picture on the right, and it is likely that these will play a large part in the campa

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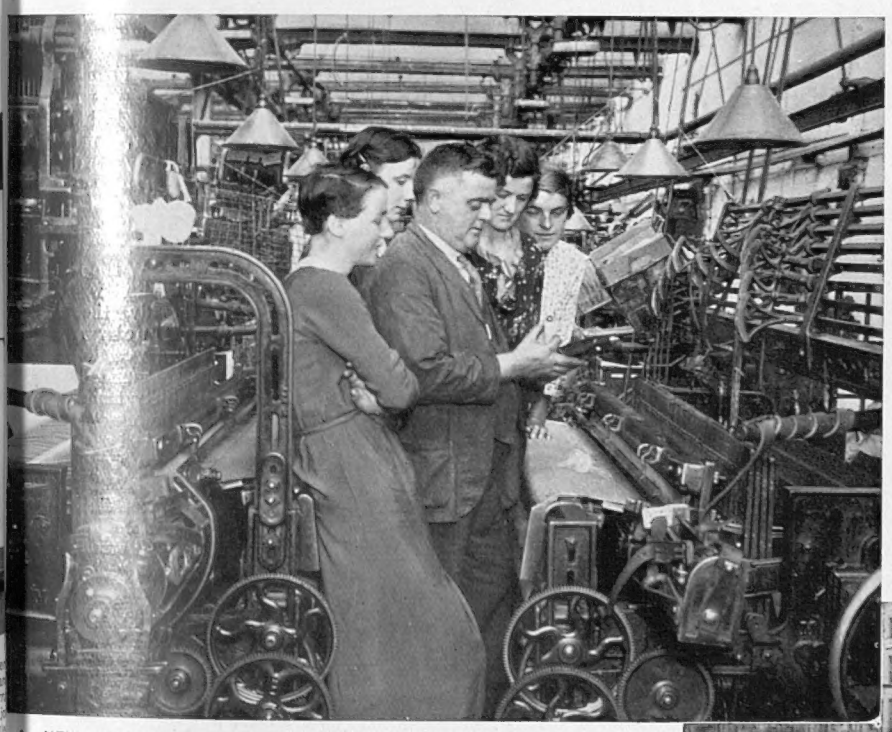
# GEANT OF THE WEEK

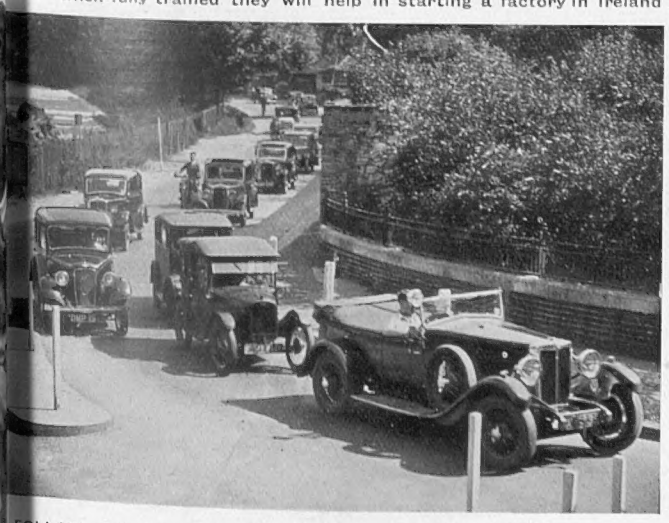
taken at Southampton docks last Saturday and showing nearly the Orient liner *Orion* steaming into port. On this particular and new docks, their tonnage aggregating 292,000, and 12,000 embarked, many of them leaving for or returning from cruises

A STATESMAN ARRIVES: Mustafa Pasha Nahas (centre), the Egyptian Premier, seen with Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Miles Lampson (right), the British High Commissioner in Egypt, who greeted him on his arrival in London last Sunday to sign the new treaty which has been drawn up to settle Britain's position in Egypt, ambiguous since Fuad was proclaimed King in 1922 and now declared to be that of "an interested ally" with certain defined rights



A NEW INDUSTRY FOR THE IRISH FREE STATE: Four of the thirty-two girls from Maryborough, Queen's County, who are now in Bradford learning the mysteries of the woollen business. When fully trained they will help in starting a factory in Ireland

PILOTED THROUGH THE CROWDS: Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier, and his wife escorted by police to their waiting motor car after being officially received at Victoria Station. The Premier was accompanied to this country by twelve other delegates representing every element in Egyptian political life

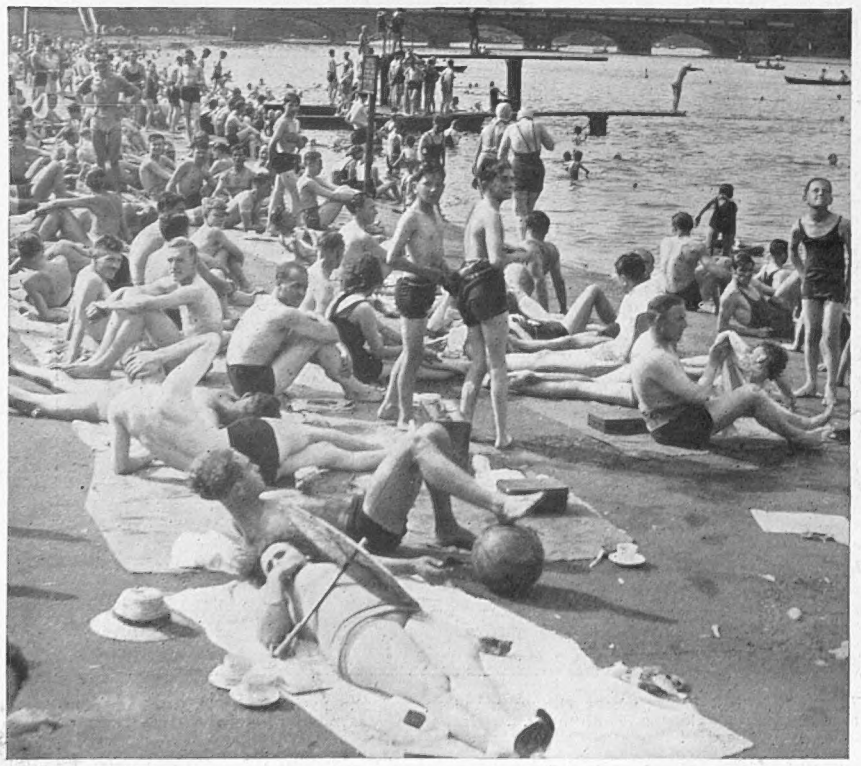


FOLLOW THE LEADER: Another scene on the Leatherhead-Dorking road last Sunday, which was generally acclaimed as the most perfect day of the summer, many resorts enjoying twelve and thirteen hours of uninterrupted sunshine and the thermometer registering well into the 70s. On Monday it reached the 80s

THE THRONGED FRONT AT HASTINGS, where the week-enders and the resident holidaymakers combined to create a scene of gaiety and animation. Bathers were more numerous here than at any time this season, the beach being crowded almost to capacity from midnight until late in the evening. The tradespeople have had a bad season, however, and it will need a September of continuous sunshine to help them regain a measure of their undoubtedly heavy losses

COMING SHORTLY: Noel Coward and members of the cast (which has three leading ladies in Madge Titheradge, Isabel Jeans, and Greer Garson), reading through the script of John C. Wilson's new production, *Mademoiselle*, at the first rehearsal held last Monday on the stage of the Phœnix Theatre. The play has been adapted by Audrey and Waveney Carten from a French piece by Jacques Deval, author of *Tovarich*, and the first night will be on September 15. Mr. Coward, who is directing and not appearing in the show, may soon be leaving for New York where, according to present arrangements, he will co-star with Gertrude Lawrence in *To-night at 8.30*

LONDON GOES CONTINENTAL: The open-air restaurant in Kensington Gardens has been proving a great attraction during the past few days of heat wave weather



LANSBURY'S EVER-POPULAR LIDO: The Serpentine, Hyde Park, was another favoured spot with Londoners this week when temperatures were in the late seventies

# PLOT, COUNTER-PLOT IN RUSSIA

## The Truth Behind the Latest Moscow Terrorist Trial

ONCE more the Soviet Government has staged in Moscow one of those mass trials—arraignments would be a better description—of "plotters" that seem to come every three years with monotonous regularity. Once more the defendants were adjudged guilty, most of them on their own confessions. And once more, on Tuesday at dawn, the firing squads paraded, and sixteen volleys rang out. They made history, and August 25 will be to the Soviets what June 30, 1934, is to the Nazis, for of the sixteen men who died, two, Zinovieff and Kameneff, were of the Bolshevik "Old Guard," the original founders of the Soviet State. A third, Tomsky, the man who created the Soviet trade union machine, had already died by his own hand two days earlier. And the world, to-day rather hardened to the rule of the gun and the firing squad, is left wondering what really lies behind this latest trial and execution.

The answer is that a great deal lies behind it and the events of last week may affect the whole future course of Sovietism. They have their origin away back in the hectic days of 1919-20 when the Soviet State was still in the making, when Lenin was all-powerful with Leon Trotsky as his right-hand man and the Georgian Stalin a not very important member of his staff. To Trotsky the founder of Bolshevism delegated an herculean task, the fashioning of an efficient army out of a badly armed rabble virtually without officers. When the history of this century comes to be written, Trotsky—now an invalid exile in Norway—will be recognised as a great military genius, for the highly efficient Red Army of to-day is his creation. But he made a fatal mistake. Early in 1924, when he was satisfied that he had a force ready to fight, he wanted to lead it in a gigantic march across Europe. Zinovieff, then the biggest man in the Communist International, promised that the armed German and Austrian Communists would rise and that 1925 would see a Soviet State from the Pacific to the Rhine.

KAMENEFF

ZINOVIEFF

TOMSKY

Three of the men who paid with their lives for their part in the plot against Stalin and the regime. Kameneff and Zinovieff faced a firing squad last Monday, but Tomsky committed suicide

This project frightened the other Soviet leaders to death, and there arose a bitter struggle in the Bolshevik hierarchy, one group led by Trotsky, Zinovieff, and Joffe, the other by Stalin. The Stalin group won. In 1925 Trotsky was exiled, Zinovieff was deprived of most of his power, and Joffe was found dead soon afterwards. Suicide was the official verdict. There was a thorough purge of the Red Army General Staff, and pro-Stalin officers were put into high commands. Trotsky had not given up the fight, however, for he was fully aware of his popularity in the Army—which exists secretly even to-day—and he started to plot against his enemies. Month after month, year after year, the struggle went on between the Trotskyist factions, which arose not only in Russia but in the Communist parties abroad, and the Soviet secret police. Time after time the Russian Communist Party was purged by means of mass expulsions, and hundreds were quietly dealt with by the firing squads.

In 1927, Kameneff was expelled from the Party, later re-admitted, and again expelled in 1932. All this time Zinovieff was in disgrace, and in 1931 Tomsky was put on the suspect list. In 1934, just when Stalin thought he had really mastered the situation, one of his right-hand men, Kirov, chief of the Communist Party in Leningrad, was assassinated. There were wholesale arrests, and more than a dozen executions. Zinovieff was found not guilty of plotting Kirov's death, but guilty of counter-revolutionary activity, and was sentenced to ten years. Kameneff got a five year sentence.

Three months ago, Stalin, assured of the loyalty of the Red Army, which is such a vital factor in ruling Russia, and with the knowledge that economic conditions were improving, announced a sensational change in the Soviet Constitution, giving the people, at any rate theoretically, greater freedom. But in doing this he had a trump card to play, and that trump card was the trial that took place in Moscow last week. For two years the secret police had been collecting evidence of various plots against his life, but they had been ordered to hold their hand.

When Stalin was ready they struck. A trial was staged, a verdict of guilty was pronounced, and within thirty hours an appeal for mercy was rejected, and sixteen "plotters" were dead. They died, not because they were any worse than other plotters who, like them, having confessed, were spared. They died to show the people of Russia in general, and critics of Stalin in particular, that the granting of a new Constitution was evidence of the Red Dictator's strength and not a concession to opposition opinion. They died *pour encourager les autres*.

The trial also had an international significance. In the evidence it was shown that Nazi agents had been associated with the plotters. Actually it is never very difficult to drag some sort of a "secret agent" of some other Power into anti-government activity in any country, but emphasis was laid on the supposed Nazi link because it was considered expedient on grounds of Soviet home and foreign policy. At home it was necessary to remind the people of the peril of "German aggression against the workers' State." Abroad, the Soviet Government wanted to show the French Front Populaire Government what dangerous people the Nazis are.

Living in a state of liberty and order in this country it may seem odd to us that after nearly nineteen years of Sovietism there should still be this plotting and counter-plotting. The truth of the matter is that it will go on just as long as Sovietism lasts, because of its basic foundations, policy, and methods. It is not peculiar to Communism in Russia, for all Communist parties, even in Britain, have their

*(Continued on page 364)*

# FRANCO COMES TO BURGOS: The Rebel Commander in Southern Spain Visits Rebel Headquarters in the North

ANTI-RED LETTER DAY! General Cavalcanti (left centre), General Franco (centre), commander of the rebel forces in Southern Spain and Morocco, and General Mola (wearing glasses), commander of the rebel forces in Northern Spain, walking through the streets of Burgos to attend mass at the cathedral. This meeting of the two insurgent leaders was of special significance as it evidenced the fact that northern and southern armies had made contact and were occupying a belt of territory stretching right from the shores of Biscay to Algeciras in the Straits of Gibraltar, thus having a firm hold on nearly half of the peninsula

HERO OF THE HOUR: General Franco (centre) with his hand raised in acknowledgment of the cheers of the populace when he paid his surprise visit to Burgos. The general, who is perhaps the most outstanding personality emerging from the present tragic conflict, was formerly Governor of the Canary Islands and is a brother of the famous transatlantic airman. He is credited by his supporters with a determination to end the conflict with the least possible bloodshed

# DE VALERA—THE GRADUALIST

*The President of the Irish Free State Slowly But Surely Leads His Country to the Parting of the Ways*

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ONE can well imagine the excitement and the passions that would have been aroused before the war by such a happening as the recent Galway by-election which, shorn of its trimmings, was fought on the unprecedented issue of "the King or not the King?"

You never heard of the Galway election? No, I don't suppose you did; nor of its result—a smashing victory for Mr. de Valera. Some already object that Galway was not a straight issue on the Crown, on the ground that the Cosgrave candidate, Professor Hogan, categorically declined to be forced by the loyalist Press into championing such connection—the good Professor proclaimed that he wasn't for "an alien monarch or leader," either. But one fails to descern in what way the fact of all three candidates (including of course Sinn Fein old Count Plunkett) having been agin the King-as-link modifies the interpretation here embraced. Mr. de Valera unmistakably conveyed that the King-as-link was the fundamental, and he should know.

This election on the British Crown was expected by Mr. de Valera to interest you—did he not warn the electorate to bear in mind its effect on British opinion? Its effect was precisely—the smallest notices in our national newspapers.

For events are moving towards a new situation in Ireland; certain plans and policies are taking shape under the ægis of Mr. de Valera's Government of the twenty-six counties, which English people cannot afford intelligently to ignore.

Indefinitely slumbering upon Ireland may be comfortable, yet could conceivably lead to maybe too sudden an awakening.

While in Dublin I was at pains to examine Mr. de Valera's utterances as figuring in his Irish Press, and this sincere gradualist certainly made no bones about what he sought at Galway, pivot of that mystical, still considerably illiterate West where he is regarded almost as a saint ("the last Commandant.") He said it outright: that he was out skirmishing, ahead of announcing his new Constitution. He wanted the electorate to give him a decisive authority to proceed with the work upon which he has been engaged for several months and which is expected to fructify in October.

He had to answer critics ably armed. His promised interim Utopia has not materialised in his four years of office now closing. Fianna Fail's promise to reduce taxation by not less than £2,000,000 a year has conducted to an increase of £3,500,000. The undertaking to abolish unemployment has led to an unmistakable increase of it. Promises to do away with the military tribunal and to find alternative markets for the bereft farmers have been followed by an accentuated revival of the former and a wide bankruptcy of the latter. And there have been other no less glaring failures—as witness the unknown present location of the President's trumpeted Republic. Nor could Mr. de Valera plead much in extenuation beyond that times had changed since he made his promises.

Of course there were counter-successes to signal. Mr. de Valera has maintained the authority and dignity of the State, he has won success internationally at Geneva, he has built 40,000 houses and vastly extended peasant ownership. He has created many new industries and has entirely avoided the financial collapse that was so confidently foretold from the economic war with England. Let me here quote the eminent *Sunday Times* correspondent:—

". . . the state of our finances is most healthy. Revenue is buoyant in all sections, and there is nothing to indicate that the poverty of farmers or the enhanced cost of living has as yet diminished the total purchasing power of our people."

That looks pretty good; and no doubt Galway's judgment reposed in no light measure upon it; yet Mr. de Valera made the issue of the election quite other, namely, the link with the Commonwealth and how this may have to be dealt with in the not distant future through the medium of his new Constitution, for which he would seem to have won an assured victory in advance. If the President has lost ground here and there, as with hot and urgent youth or with the I.R.A. he has trodden upon, there looks to be no chance of his being beaten at the polls early next year.

An eloquent circumstance is that Mr. de Valera is all for the sanctity of the majority vote these times, and threatens dire consequences in the wake of any minority action such as he himself prosecuted in the immediate post-treaty years. The President is all for majority rule now because he feels that whether by plebiscite or general election (as he selects) the majority should abundantly pass his new Constitution, concerning which it may be that the following is as accurate an outline as can be given at this juncture, considering that its author has not yet himself thought his last thoughts on the subject:

The Constitution as revised and amended will be found to apply, by anticipation, to all thirty-two counties of Ireland.

It will lead off by a declaration "consolidating" what has already been done by Fianna Fail in the way of Constitution-changing, namely, the exit of the Oath, the Privy Council, the Senate, and the Governor-General.

It will declare illegal the continued presence of foreign (British) garrisons in Ireland.

It will decline allegiance now and for all time to any alien leader or monarch, yet will be so worded in relation to His Majesty that the actual allegiance to that which King and Crown stand for will not be formally and specifically thrown over, although "no retracing of what will have been written will be possible by any subsequent Government."

By the wording of this last article—a feat of jugglery and slipperiness which even such a virtuoso as Mr. de Valera will never have equalled—it is hoped to retain the Dominion connection, with all its benefits (including of late a steadily expanding emigration to the prospering United Kingdom) while for the world at large, and for the Fianna Fail electorate, the Saorstat will be able to pose as a self-decreed independent sovereign state in a position to move forward again at any time to "the ultimate goal, a Republic within the four seas of Ireland."

Mr. de Valera's combined act of legerdemain and tight-rope walking will meanwhile introduce an entirely new personage on any stage, a ceremonial head of the State ("no rubber stamp or social centre-piece"), leaving it open to the Irish people to elect to the post whom they choose, when they choose, not excluding apparently King Edward—only he would not be King of Ireland. The jugglery has to be intense for, definitely, Fianna Fail could not and would never swear allegiance to one who is also a Protestant Defender of the Faith.

Alas, religion still governs all in Ireland, above as below the Boyne. It is fifty-fifty in that line, only with one side more tolerant and less bigoted.

I believe it was Mr. de Valera's early intention to break at this stage more definitely with the Crown, and to install a Supreme Court on the U.S. model as the guardian of the Constitution, but that this court's performance over the New Deal shooed him off. Or it may be that Mr. de Valera is at long last thinking sentimentally about utter severance from the rest of the Commonwealth. On last St. Patrick's Day he broadcast for the first time to a Dominion, when, after mentioning the great part Irish emigrants had played in the development of Australia, and emphasising the extraordinarily large number of people of Irish birth or extraction who live abroad, he concluded: "These are bound to us by no tie save those of kindred, of a common history, and a common inheritance, but such are stronger ties than any that military or political dominion could create. This spiritual unity is precious to us all."

It is; and that is why the (always modest) writer has twice had it out with Mr. de Valera, in Dublin and in Paris. Why not give these Irish he values so—those of direct Irish birth, born in Ireland—a say in any plebiscite, rebutting the King, that he may contemplate holding?

Impossible! says Mr. de Valera, and he is such a mind-made-up man. One-way mind. The Past.

For the moment it only remains to add, touching Europe's forthcoming new Chieftaincy of State, that a competent belief is that this will be found to merge the offices of Governor-General and Executive President, and that Eamon de Valera himself will be the first enactor of the Blondinesque rôle.

It may then be for the Statute of Westminster to function, inasmuch as under the 1921 Pact Mr. de Valera has no right to do unilaterally what he is contemplating, though he says he has, that is why he is rapidly setting afoot his historical enquiry into the treaty. His view being the familiar one that Southern Ireland signed under duress, yet all through history have not treaties been similarly signed, and been respected, sometimes over centuries?

How-be-that: it may soon devolve upon said statute for the first time to enunciate something, since it is to be openly challenged, not only over the Crown, but over the critically annexed issue of the defence of these islands.

A new factor, traceable to latter-day lost British prestige, is steadily creeping into Anglo-Irish relations. Owing to some of the more regrettable results that have accrued from the exceptionally difficult successive positions in which Britain has been placed, but also (a good many may think) owing to our omission to place such a one as Mr. Churchill in control, a man of brilliant, imaginative action who, moreover, could stand up to others, talk their language, be their match; answer them in their own coin, Mr. de Valera's Ireland is demonstrably being navigated towards the camp of Those-Who-Apply-Pressure.

The belief is being fostered that England is in for a hard and critical time, internationally; that, divided in herself between Right and Left, she may presently have to face an exacting foreign bloc more powerful than any since the Continental System; and that . . . "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity."

LAND OF BURNING FAITH AND POLITICAL IDEALISM: Pilgrims at a recent religious festival passing through the village of Knock, County Mayo. It is in this part of the Irish Free State that President de Valera holds greatest sway, where his undoubted powers of oratory and his mysticism make their strongest appeal to an emotional people

# THE MARY ASTOR TRIAL

## Aspects of the Legal Battle in which the Hollywood Film Star and Her Ex-husband Fought for the Custody of Their Child

PARENTAL SUPPORT: Mary Astor and her mother Mrs. Helen Langhanke in the Los Angeles Court where the former's plea for complete custody of her daughter Marylyn was recently heard in a long drawn out and sensational case involving several stage and screen notabilities

ON THE WITNESS STAND: Mary Astor pictured during her cross-examination when she was submitted to a battery of questions regarding her relationship with Mr. George S. Kaufman, the noted playwright with whom she evidently fell violently in love when still married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe

FAMED TRIO: Florence Eldridge (wife of Fredric March), Mary Astor, and Ruth Chatterton, one of the most outstanding of Hollywood's interpreters of emotional screen roles, sat together at the counsel's table to hear the evidence during one of the hearings

DR. FRANKLYN THORPE WITH HIS ATTORNEY: Mary Astor's ex-husband whose restrained attitude won the court's sympathy

HOLLYWOOD FLOCKS TO HEAR THE DIARY READ: An impression of the courtroom which throughout the case was thronged with celebrities from the film colony, some of whom had reason to believe that their names might be brought up in evidence and their reputations damaged. Mary Astor, who is seated at counsel's table in the foreground, kept a frank day-to-day record of her doings, and the reading of this provided a first-class sensation

Mary Astor was born on May 3, 1906, at Quinuy, Illinois, her real name being Lucille Vasconellos Langhanke. She made her debut on the screen at the age of sixteen in *The Beggar Maid*, and since then has made successful appearances in a number of films including *The Bright Shawl*, *Don Juan*, *Woman from Hell*, *The Lost Squadron*, *Those We Love*, and *Red Dust*. Her first husband was killed in an aeroplane accident while directing a film over the Pacific Ocean in 1930. She was married again in 1931 to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe and has since been divorced. Hence the recent case over who should have custody of the child. It has now been decided that Marylyn shall spend nine months of the year with her mother, and three months and every week-end with her father

# BIG GAME of the DEEP

## Tunny Fishing Once Again in Full Swing Seventy Miles Off the Yorkshire Coast

THE FIRST CATCH OF THE SEASON: A boatload of tunny hooked off the Scarborough coast by Colonel E. T. Peel and Lieut.-Colonel J. Marriott, of Alexandria, Egypt, who has been the former's guest on the yacht *St. George*. They started off by catching a 560-pounder

LURING THE TUNNY TO DESTRUCTION: Colonel Peel standing on the bridge of his yacht, *St. George*, and holding out a bamboo rod with a mackerel-baited line which is attached by a thin thread to the hook and line held by the angler, who is seated in the bows of the dinghy

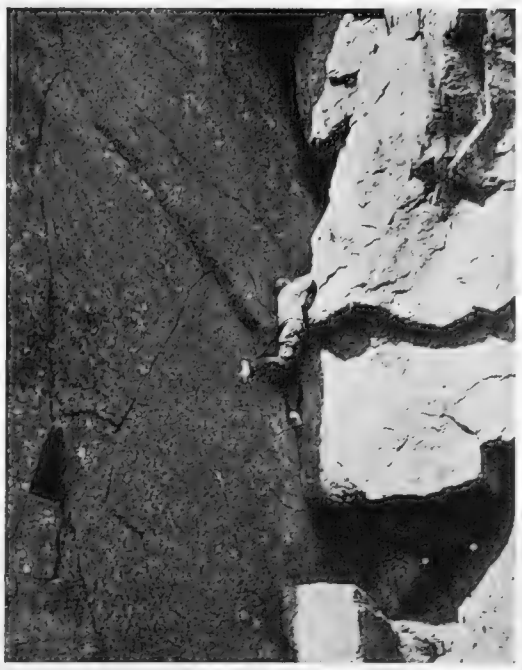
BAITING HIS LINE: Mr. Parker of Penrith fishing in the North Sea. He sits in a swivel seat in the stern of the boat, the rod passing between his knees and the butt being placed in a socket in order to take some of the strain when the fish is dragging desperately on the line in its fight for freedom. The reel, a very delicate piece of mechanism, has a brake which can be applied with varying degrees of strength

A LIKELY SPOT: Mr. J. Parker, an enthusiast from Penrith, fishing from a small boat. He has cast his bait near a trawler as the tunny often congregate there in the hope of obtaining pickings from the nets

## *Anglers Forgather at Scarborough*

The tunny fishing season is with us again and enthusiastic anglers, who have enjoyed such excellent sport in the North Sea during the past few years, are once more congregated in large numbers at Scarborough, the recognised headquarters of the sport. Colonel Peel and Lieut.-Colonel Marriott started the season well with three tunny weighing 457 lb., 550 lb., and 560 lb., the last of which gave them a rare tussle, jumping clean out of the water twice when close in to the angler, a most unusual happening with these fish. The catches were made about seventy miles out in the North Sea but if the weather remains good it will be possible to operate much closer inshore

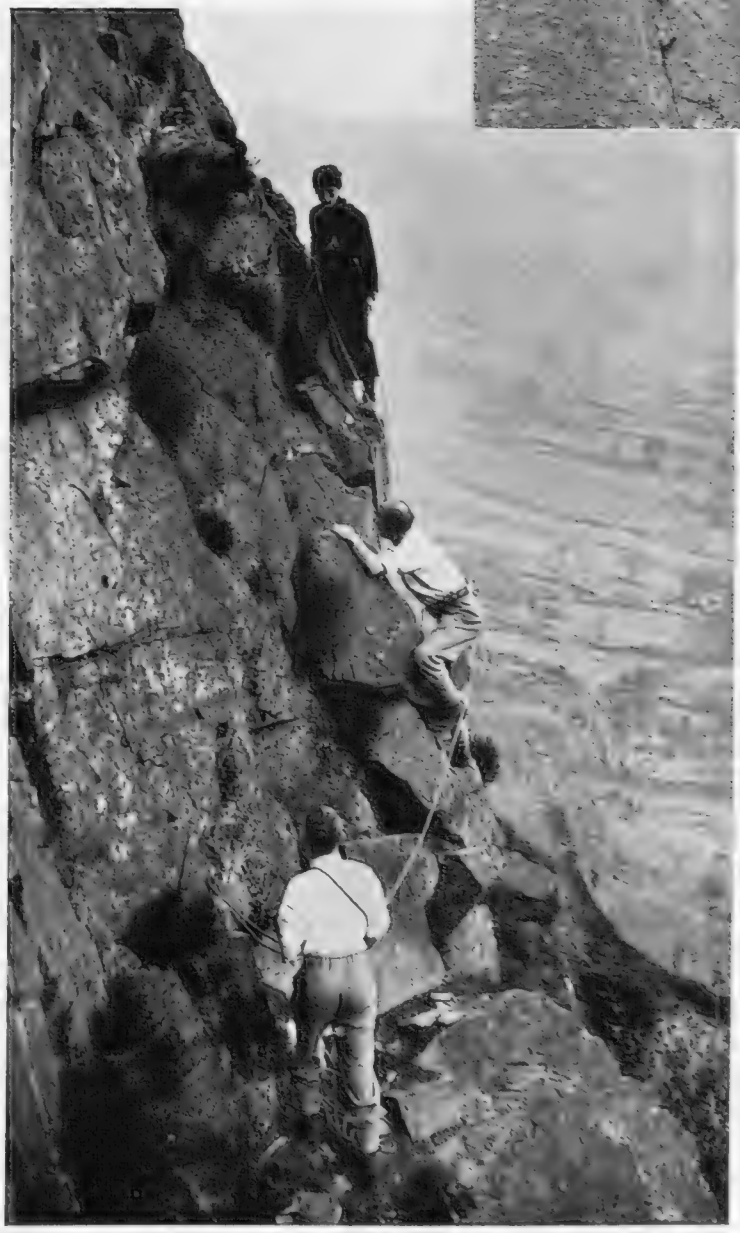
A VENTURESOME CRAGSMAN: Making the almost vertical ascent of Immamate Rock in Lakeland, a climb of about 80 ft., offering but scanty foothold. This is no place for the inexperienced, especially in winter time when snow and ice make climbing conditions doubly difficult



PERILOUS PERCHES: England, though boasting no peaks of really commanding height, is none the less a happy hunting ground for the mountaineer and there are hosts of climbs capable of testing the mettle of the most experienced. *Left.*—Gaining a precarious foothold in Rocky Valley, Ilkley, Yorkshire. *Right and below on right.*—Ascending a precipitous face of Great Gable, Cumberland, which has been described as England's grandest mountain. The view from the summit is very fine indeed, looking across to Scafell, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn and there has been placed there a tablet commemorating the men of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club who were killed in the war

# HUMAN SPIDERS

## Rock-climbing Enthusiasts Scale Yorkshire and Cumberland Heights



ON THE ROOF OF ENGLAND: *Left*—A girl climber, who has all the appearance of hanging on by her teeth, negotiating a difficult stage of the ascent of Rocky Valley, Yorkshire. *Right*—A guide and two of his charges roped together on a Cumberland crag. The village of Walthwaite lies in the valley below

# DELVING INTO DEAUVILLE'S FINANCES

*The First Account Ever to be Published of What it Costs the Controlling Company at the Famous Resort to Maintain its Hotels, Racecourses, Casino, and Other Amenities*

By CHARLES GRAVES

FOR the first time in its hectic career Deauville, that is to say the company controlling its casino and its three main hotels, has agreed to allow a stranger to delve into its private financial affairs, and fortunately for me that stranger is myself. In semi-subterranean rooms I have been shown the secret graph of the daily wins and losses of the roulette tables; I have inspected the daily pay sheet of the staffs of the big hotels from the head waiter to the shorthand typist; I have learnt the salaries paid the croupiers, the subsidies given to the two racecourses and the cost of the upkeep of the famous Plage Fleurie among many other fascinating details. In other words I now know why they charge you 2s. for a glass of orange juice. Believe it or not I am almost surprised it is not more. Probably it would be, indeed, if the majority of the visitors were not French and therefore difficult to overcharge.

It is hard, really, to know where to begin. There is that graph of the Casino roulette takings for example. This starts at zero at Easter and dribbles fitfully along until the first big jump upwards in early August before it reaches dizzy heights in the Grande Semaine now just over, and then comfortably maintaining itself until the end of September. This graph is threefold. It shows this year's takings as well as those of last year and 1934. Two years ago the final takings were 3,500,000 francs, a matter of £46,000—a somewhat small figure. Last year they totalled 150,000 francs more. This year they are rather below normal, largely because of an Englishman and an eyeglass and a very successful system which is hard to follow as he does not confine himself either to even chances or even to the dozens.

Chemin de fer and baccarat are, however, the chief mainstays of Deauville — unlike Monte Carlo. Here the takings of the cagnotte are astronomical. Unfortunately for the company controlling the casino it has long been the custom of the Government to take 65 per cent. of the gross takings; while the local municipality, in addition to insisting on the Casino being open from Easter to October (which includes several non profit-taking weeks) takes another 10 per cent. of the gross takings.

DESERTED PARIS: The rue Royale, usually one of the busiest streets in the French capital, was so empty on the day this picture was taken that a young Parisian was able to remove a café table and chair to the middle of the street and take a drink there. Enormous numbers had taken advantage of the fine weather and gone off to the sea

AND THRONGED DEAUVILLE: Mistinguett (left), veteran star of the French musical-comedy stage, at an open-air café at the popular resort

Allowing, however, for a mere quarter of the golden receipts, the Casino company does not do so badly, these amounted last year to 17,000,000 francs—about £221,000, but they include all the takings from the Golf Hotel, the Normandie Hotel, and the Royale Hotel as well. What is more, that was before all the stay-in strikes, which have resulted in a tremendous increase in the overhead of the company. As from six weeks ago all kinds of guarantees have had to be made to the staffs of the hotels as well as to the croupiers. Thus at the Golf Hotel, which has a staff of only 107, the daily guaranteed salary is 4,116 francs, about £54. Multiply this by seven and you have a weekly wage list of £378, to which must be added the salary of the manager. No hotel which is not full for quite a long time in the year can stand such a drain. The staff of the Royale is 145 and that of the Normandie 163, with a weekly wage list in proportion, and don't forget that all the staff has to be housed and fed and watered free. As for the Casino staff, this amounts to 445, and croupiers are expensive fellows to employ. They are not quite so costly as those at Monte Carlo, where you begin at £350 a year and rise to £1,250. But then at Monte Carlo you have an all-the-year-round season. At Deauville, despite all the efforts of the Municipality and the Casino company itself, the high season lasts for exactly nineteen days, this year it has been from August 4 to August 23, when the Grand Prix was run. In those nineteen days at least 70 per cent. of the annual earnings of the Casino company are made. So the fact that the croupiers earn anything from 12,000 francs to 25,000 francs is not so cheap as it sounds.

By French law, what is more, the Casino in order to prove its ability always to pay the public at roulette, has to have a guaranteed "float" of several million francs. This is regulated by the height of the maximum stake, and at Deauville it means that the interest on a very considerable capital is locked up in the shape of celluloid plaques. Another aspect of roulette is that it has practically massacred the abominable but (to the Casino) the profitable game of boule, the receipts here have dropped phenomenally I am glad to say.

Let us now turn to the other aspects of Deauville. Here as at Cannes, le Touquet, Biarritz, Monte Carlo, and all other casino towns, the Casino is the local milch cow. You might have thought that the racecourse company which controls all the meetings at Deauville and Clairefontaine and which puts up about 4,000,000 francs each season in prize money could afford to support itself, and yet the very first figure you find in the subsidy list is 400,000 francs for the Courses des Chevaux; the 50,000 francs to support the polo and the polo grounds is obviously money well spent. Polo players are rich and are therefore likely to gamble. It was a real blow for Deauville, therefore, when three of the leading teams failed to make an appearance this season—among them being the Texas Rangers.

Owners of yachts are also desirable people to attract to a casino town. Visitors who can afford to spend £1,000 a month on their floating hotel are likely to "go big" at baccarat, chemin-de-fer, and roulette. So 10,000 francs does not seem unreasonable for the subsidy of regattas. Golf is also a pretty rich man's game. It is necessary therefore to have two golf courses which must be kept up all the year round, a resident secretary, a resident starter, a professional for at least six months in the year as well as innumerable golf competitions with rich cups to lure the casino-jaded visitor. What is more you cannot charge big green fees. The foreigner would stand for it, but not the Frenchman; 30 francs a day is all that you can ask, with the result that the golf course has to have an annual subvention of 150,000 francs.

With the increased popularity of tennis, a casino must provide dozens of first-class courts as well as professional matches between such people as Tilden and Cochet. The cost here is 50,000 francs. A flying ground and private aerodrome is another *sine qua non* in these modern days, and at Deauville, in order to compete with the proximity to England of Le Touquet a subsidised air service is an essential feature together with free hangars for owners of private machines. That comes to another 100,000 francs on the debit side, just double the cost of the horse shows which are also considered necessary to attract that section of the French public. Even the children must be catered for and this is an item of 20,000 francs for the children's club with its free swings and roundabouts and instructors. The final subsidy is that of 60,000 francs for the pigeon shooting, a sport not popular among the English and American visitors but essential for securing the patronage of large numbers of elderly French.

We now come to the *dépens*. These are headed by the cost of the cinema and theatre, and include every kind of entertainment from leading music-hall artists like Victor Boucher, who charges 10,000 francs for a single performance to the latest Marx film, and if you haven't heard Groucho wise-cracking apparently in French, well you ought to do so. This joint item of cinema and theatre aggregates 500,000 francs. Different artistic organisations cost 90,000 francs. This includes floral decorations and fireworks. Fireworks never cost less than 3,000 francs a time at Deauville. The two orchestras, one in the night club and one in the restaurant, together with the cost of the night club entertainers, cost another 190,000 francs. But at least the Casino at Deauville is not compelled to employ sixty-five local musicians for a minimum period of three months in the year as its opposite number in Cannes is forced to do by the municipality.

Another big item is the cost of the furnishings of the Casino itself; this is quite apart from the wear and tear and upkeep bill which comes to 580,000 francs. The cost of the furnishings each year come to 300,000 francs. Think of the huge carpets and curtains, the broken cocktail glasses, the green baize tables, the croupiers' rakes (which get frequently broken) everywhere in fact with the exception of a clock. For you have never yet seen a clock in any properly conducted Casino in Europe. Time is the enemy of the Casino company, that is to say when you can see it flying.

A large staff of gardeners has to be employed all the year round to keep the Plage Fleurie such a wonderful mass of hydrangeas, geraniums, roses, and nasturtiums growing all the summer, so a bill

(Continued on p. 360)

WHERE THE LINE BEGINS: A scene of bustle and animation as passengers and their servants prepare to board *The Frontier Mail* at a Bombay station en route to Rawalpindi, one of the farthest points north reached by the Indian railway system. Thence those visiting Kashmir for their annual holidays in the hills usually continue their journey by car

FROM INDIA'S BURNING PLAINS TO KASHMIR'S SNOW-CLAD PEAKS: A party of travellers in *The Frontier Mail* one of the most luxurious trains in the world, equipped with shower baths and baths, so that passengers can keep cool in the intense tropical heat and rid themselves of the dust particles that inevitably penetrate the carriages

# When Sahibs Go To the Hills

## On India's Luxury Train—"The Frontier Mail" from Bombay to Rawalpindi

PERHAPS the best known of India's expresses is *The Frontier Mail*, the *Royal Scot* of the Far East, which runs north-west to Rawalpindi, near the borders of Kashmir.

Once a year army officers, government officials, and others living in India escape by *The Frontier Mail* from the intense heat of the plains to the cool of the mountains. Kashmir is usually their objective, the land which, wrote Sir Walter Lawrence, "contains nearly everything which should make life enjoyable. There is sport, varied and excellent, there is scenery for the artist and layman, mountains for the mountaineer, flowers for the botanist, a vast field for the geologist, and magnificent ruins for the archæologist. The epicure will find dainty fruits and vegetables cheaper there than perhaps in any part of the world, while those so inclined can pass delightful days in the mat house-boats."

On buying a ticket at Bombay, the first question asked is: "How many servants are travelling with you?" Everybody travels with a suite, or at least with one servant. That is absolutely necessary, for, on a long journey—and they usually are long journeys—somebody must be there who sees to the beds and who is in attendance with ice and drinks, etc.

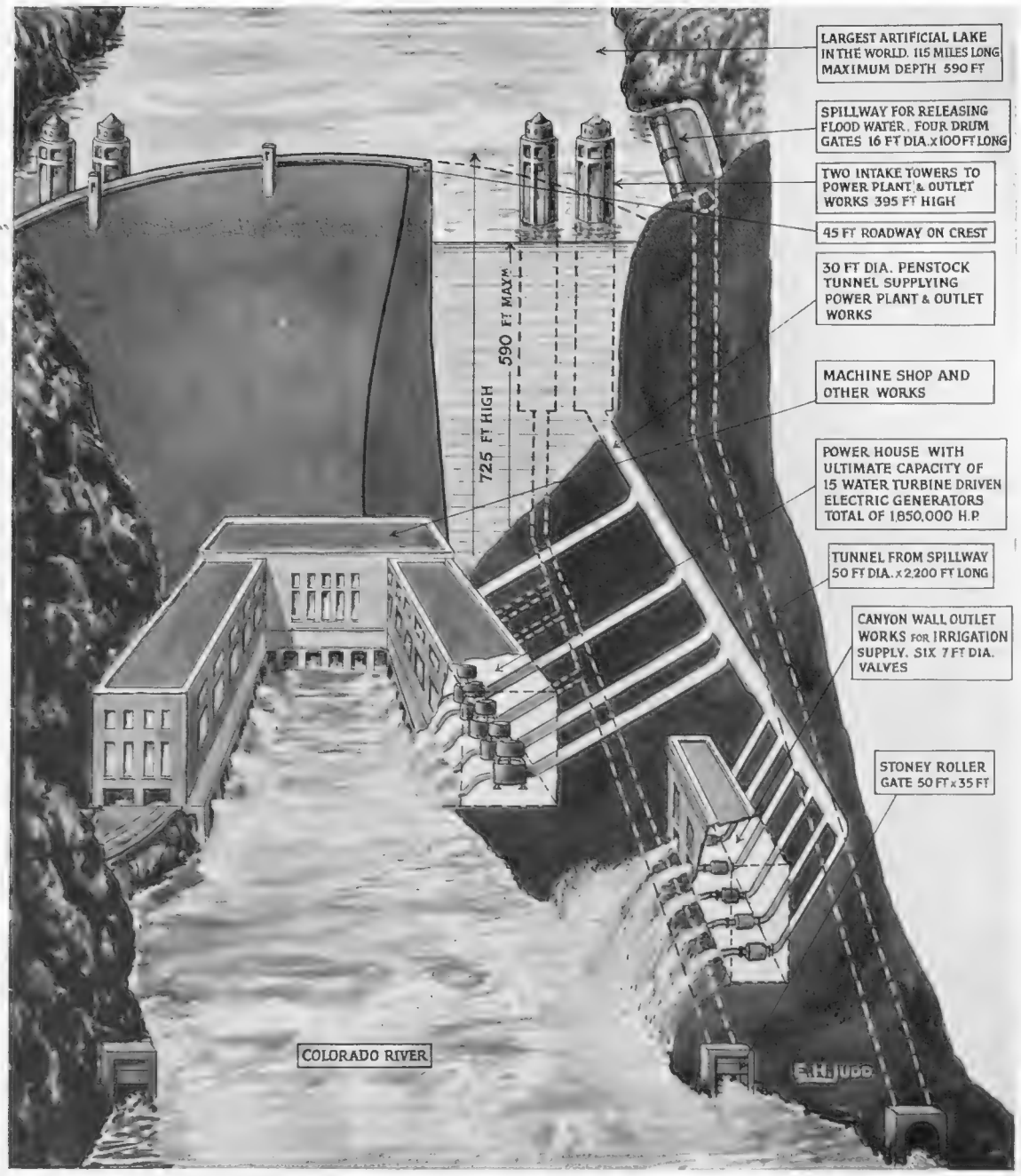
To the native servant the white man is "Sahib" (master) or "Bara-sahib" (great master) and the white woman is "Memsahib"—not only in word but in meaning, for the profoundest respect is apparent everywhere.

Comfort is the first essential on the train. There are the so-called "State Rooms"—saloon with bath. In the saloon the bed is made up for the night, and in the bathroom there is a shower bath for constant use, so that passengers may keep cool in the tropical heat. In every corner there are ventilators. If it were not for the soot and dust the traveller would forget that he was in a train, for he sleeps in his own bed, so to speak, having supplied his own bed-linen.

The journey north is full of interest, but the holidaymaker has little time for the burning and familiar plains as in his mind's eye he looks forward to the delights of the temperate climate that lies ahead.

A HALT ON THE NORTHWARD JOURNEY: *Left*—Mail-bags on the platform at an important junction. The letters are sorted en route to facilitate quick delivery. *Right*—Replenishing the drinking water on the roof of one of the carriages. Thousands of gallons are used by the passengers between Bombay and Rawalpindi, and fresh supplies have to be taken on at nearly every important point on the line. It is an expensive business for the railway company

WAYSIDE CAMEOS: *Left*—The purveyor of burnt nuts, who cooks his wares on the platform, always does a brisk trade when *The Frontier Mail* comes in. *Right*—A delightful country scene framed in a carriage window




HARNESSING THE MIGHTY TORRENT OF THE COLORADO: A part sectional diagram of the Boulder Dam which was completed and dedicated by President Roosevelt last September after four-and-a-half years of work and constitutes one of the greatest engineering feats of its kind. It is designed to bring cheap power to millions of people in the south-west of the United States and to play a large part in solving irrigation problems. Behind the vast concrete barrier erected across the canyon the largest artificial lake in the world has been formed

# BOULDER DAM

THIS project, including the world's largest dam, which was itself completed and dedicated by President Roosevelt last September, started supplying electric power from the first instalment of its gigantic generating plant in June of this year. Its progress has been well illustrated from time to time in THE SPHERE, but its unique magnitude deserves a more detailed survey of the whole project.

Originating in President Hoover's time in 1929 its objects were threefold. To control floods and regulate the flow of the Colorado River; to provide enormous water storage for reclamation of extensive tracts of land; and to supply electrical energy for power and light. It is only one of several gigantic water schemes now being developed in the States at a total cost of about £100,000,000.

Work was started in April, 1931, and the whole contract was to be completed in seven years. Actually the first delivery of power was about two years ahead of schedule, a really remarkable feat.

Before work could start on the main dam the river had to be diverted round the site from a point above to another just below it. For this purpose four large tunnels—two on either side of the river and each 56 ft. in diameter—had to be bored. The combined length of these was 3½ miles and required the blasting and removal of nearly 3,000,000 tons of solid rock. The average amount broken up at each blasting was about 1,000 tons with a penetration of 17 ft.

In less than two years these tunnels were completed and lined with concrete 3 ft. thick. When their temporary purpose is served the inlet ends are plugged up. By November 1932 the two tunnels on the Arizona side were finished, enabling the river to be diverted through them while work proceeded on the other two. In order to keep the river dry over the area of the dam site coffer-dams had to be built above and below the site. These alone were quite big jobs. The upper one was 480 ft. long by 750 ft. wide at the base tapering to 70 ft. at the top and 98 ft. high. It used up 700,000 tons of earth-fill material, 200,000 tons of rock-fill, and 3,500 tons of concrete paving, or well over 900,000 tons in all. The lower one was 350 ft. long by 550 ft. wide at base to 50 ft. at top and 66 ft. high, using up some 530,000 tons of material.

The main dam being of the "horizontal arch" type with abutments built into and pressing against the rock walls of the canyon, huge grooves had to be cut out to take these. For these about 700,000 tons of rock had to be removed, while for the adjacent work another 800,000 tons had to be shifted.

Then a total of ninety-one tunnels, in size varying from 90 ft. by 105 ft., required for the spillway exit "portals" to 4½ ft. by 8½ ft. had to be bored in all directions. Most of these were for the two huge 50 ft. diameter spillway tunnels and the penstock tunnels supplying the power house, varying from 30 ft. to 13 ft. diameter, while elevator shafts and inspection galleries in the wall of the dam had to be made. Another 850,000 tons of rock had to be cut out and removed for these, the larger of which are shown in the accompanying illustration.

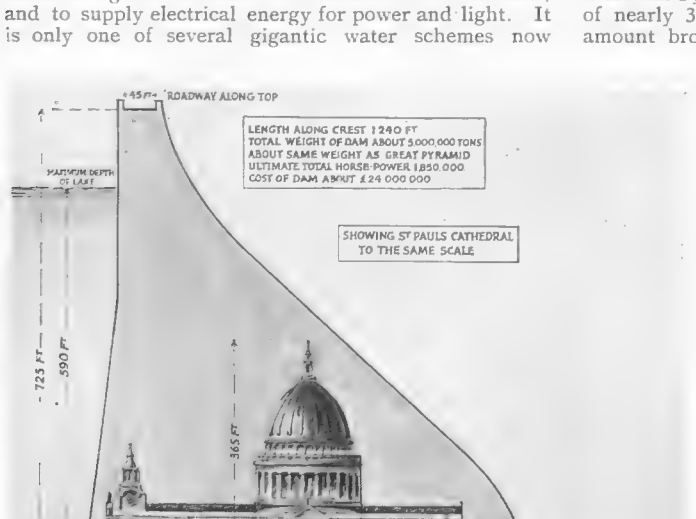
The dam itself is entirely of concrete, for which over 5,000,000 tons of material were used. Overhead cableways, or "sky-tracks," up to 150 tons carrying capacity, transported the material from the mixing depots and poured in the concrete as required. One of the most important considerations has been that of temperature rise during setting, and fluctuations in the normal atmospheric conditions which may vary as much as 100 degs. from winter to summer. Concrete has a nasty habit of generating considerable heat during the setting period—just as lime does when wet—and when in such large masses as this will take months to reach its maximum and cool again. Consequently, as expansion and contraction have to be provided for, it was built up in sections or blocks, so as not to have too large a mass under process at one time.

You cannot stick thermometers down the inside of walls hundreds of feet high, so provision was made to record electrically the varying temperatures distributed over the whole structure. Incidentally the artificial cooling had to be carried out by a network of small refrigerating pipes of a total length of 582 miles during the nineteen months of construction from August 1933 till March 1935. The maximum temperature recorded was 138 degrees and the lowest 43 degrees.

Contraction joints were provided, being left open while expansion due to heat was going on, and then grouted in when the temperature reached normal. The amount that concrete expands for a given increase of temperature is not often realised, but we have a familiar example of it in the expansion joints to be seen across concrete roads at regular intervals.

The finished dimensions of the great dam itself are 726 ft. high from river bed to crest, 660 ft. thick at the base tapering in a flattened S shaped curve to the 45 ft. roadway along the crest which is 1,250 ft. long. The whole of St. Paul's Cathedral could be placed lengthways across a section of the dam wall as shown in the accompanying illustration which is drawn to scale.

Two large intake towers are provided on either side above the dam, from which the reservoir water is led to the power house and the irrigation valves below. Each tower is 395 ft. high and nearly 30 ft. diameter inside, the outside varying from 82 ft. at the bottom to 63½ ft. at the top. Each has at the top a hoist house from which are operated two enormous steel gates 32 ft. diameter by 10 ft. high, one at the bottom and the other half way up. 900 tons weight of steel grids, or "trash racks," as they are called, running nearly the full height of the towers, prevent the ingress of any floating debris in the way of trees etc. much of which is carried down.




THE BOULDER DAM AND ST. PAUL'S COMPARED: A diagrammatic drawing which gives some idea of the immensity of the structure built on the Colorado River. It has cost about £24,000,000

THE 395 FT. INTAKE TOWERS which admit the reservoir water to the power house on the other side of the dam. Engine-rooms at the top of the towers contain the machinery for opening the doors controlling the flow

# COMPLETED

## The Most Spectacular Engineering Feat in a Vast Project for Supplying Power to the South-Western States of America

By EDWIN H. JUDD

or damage would be done to the turbines and valves in the power houses below.

At either side of the lake above the dam is a spillway to carry off the excess flood water. This is just a large weir, having four horizontal steel cylindrical drum gates, each 100 ft. long and weighing 220 tons. These buoyant vessels, hinged on the reservoir side and arranged to lift up to 16 ft. to pass the colossal flow of water, have a combined capacity of over 1,000 tons a second.

When the reservoir lake is full, which is not expected for a year or two yet, the maximum depth at the dam side will be 590 ft. It will be the largest artificial lake in the world, having a storage capacity of over 30,000,000 "acre feet," which would be equivalent to a reservoir with an area equal to that of the County of London—116 square miles—and over 400 ft. deep, enough to drown St. Paul's Cathedral and Hampstead Heath with about 50 ft. to spare. At present only about a quarter of this capacity has been filled.

For irrigation purposes water is led from the intake towers to the two canyon wall outlet works, each of which has six control valves of 7 ft. diameter bore, some of which have recently been put into operation.

The power house at the base of the dam is a U shaped building, the two wings containing the electric generating sets, while the middle part is used for machine shops, etc. It is 1,050 ft. long round the U, by 150 ft. wide and 229 ft. high above the river bed. As protection against falling rocks from the steep canyon walls towering up either side, the roof is made 4½ ft. thick, strongly constructed of reinforced concrete, asphalt, sand, and gravel. Access is provided by elevator galleries and passages in the dam wall as well as from one end along a road cut into the Nevada side bank.

The generating plant will ultimately consist of fifteen enormous water turbines driving electric dynamos placed vertically above them, each of 115,000 h.p., besides four smaller units of 55,000 h.p. and two sets of 3,500 h.p., making a total of 1,842,000 h.p. in all. This would be about seven times the present capacity of Battersea Power Station (London), or one sixth of the total capacity of the whole system of public generating stations under the control of the Electricity Commission in Great Britain.

In conclusion one or two more astronomical figures in connection with this undertaking may be inflicted. A fleet of 150 motor lorries was in continual use on the site, some of 20 tons capacity. The petrol bill for these averaged £9,000 a month and the tyre bill £3,000, or these two items alone running into nearly £150,000 a year. The total material removed in the whole scheme, of which a very large proportion was solid rock, was from 12,000,000 to 13,000,000 tons. The total concrete poured nearly 7,000,000 tons involving 5,000,000 barrels of cement. The steel required ran into 2,000,000 tons for reinforced concrete work, while another 535,000 tons were used for structural work.

The smallest thing connected with this colossal world wonder was the commemoration postage stamp.

VIEWED FROM THE CLOUDS: An overhead impression of the dam giving an idea of the vastness of the canyon in which it is built and showing (in the foreground) floodwater pouring down the spillway from the artificial lake

LINKING TWO STATES: The new motor road from Kingman, Arizona, to Las Vegas, Nevada, at the point where it makes its tortuous approach and crosses the summit of the Boulder dam

NIAGARA OF THE WEST: Surplus water cascading back into the Colorado after making its way along the spillway of the dam

REACHING DAYLIGHT AFTER BORING THROUGH A MOUNTAIN: A picture taken during the building of a tunnel for diverting the waters of the Colorado River prior to the construction of the Parker Dam, 155 miles south of Boulder. The dam, when completed, will serve to generate electrical power for the Metropolitan water district of Southern California

IN PICTURESQUE NIDDERDALE: Sir William Nicholson, a former Lord Mayor of Leeds, in one of the butts on Dead Man's Hill, near Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire. He entertained a large party on the Twelfth, and enjoyed satisfactory sport in moderate weather

SURVEYING THE BAG: Sir William Nicholson (third from right) and two of his guests, with some of the birds they brought down during a morning's shooting in Nidderdale. Sir William is now over seventy years of age, but is almost as active as ever, and still retains his enthusiasm for grouse shooting

PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENT: Unloading the lunch cart at Sir William Nicholson's shoot

". . . AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL": Sir William Nicholson and members of his party pose with their bag. Also in the group are Mr. Kenneth Nicholson, Mr. J. P. Bradford and Mr. C. W. Banbury, who has now succeeded to the title of Lord Banbury

# GROUSE SHOOTING IN YORKSHIRE

## The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Sir William Nicholson on the Moors

In the minds of most of us the Twelfth conjures up pictures of the Highlands, the heather, and the glen, and Yorkshire comes in the nature of an afterthought. In actuality, however, the county of broad acres offers the very best of grouse shooting, and when August comes along there is scarcely a great house in the moorland districts that has not its quota of guests

STARTING OUT FOR THE BUTTS: *Left* – The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester on Saddleworth Moors, Yorkshire, where they saw some fairly good sport during the first days of the season. Their Royal Highnesses stayed at Upperwood House, Greenfield, as the guests of Captain Brook, a personal friend of the Duke, and his equerry. Some years ago they went to Abyssinia together to attend the coronation of Haile Selassie. *Right*—The Duchess with some of her fellow guests

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER EXPLORES THE MOORS: Her Royal Highness pictured during her visit to Yorkshire

HOMEWARD BOUND: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and other members of the party on Saddleworth Moors which are among the wildest in Britain and usually abound with grouse many of which, owing to Yorkshire's comparative proximity to London, have in past years found their way to the leading restaurants. Owing to the wetness of the present season, however, the birds in this district are said to be less plentiful but even so the Royal party obtained quite a big bag

GUINEA FOWL PLUMAGE AS A HEADDRESS: A striking Basuto type on a festive occasion in Basutoland, the territory in the heart of the Union of South Africa but which still remains under the direct control of the British Government. It is the home of quite one of the most intelligent of the "Dark Continent's" native races

FESTIVE WEAR: Grotesque feathered headgear worn by the Basutos particularly when they forgather to celebrate in song and dance the mighty deeds of their ancestors, the tribesmen who for the purpose of defence and offence formed themselves in the nineteenth century into a united and powerful nation capable of resisting the Zulus and other common enemies

A CHIEFTAIN'S SONS: These youths, who attend the Government schools and normally wear European dress, don on festive occasions all the barbaric finery of their race and for a day forget the influence of the white man. Adorning their heads are beards of the chamois, bracelets decorate their muscular arms, and animal pelts are suspended from their necks by cha

A LEADER OF THE PEOPLE: Vova, one of the Basuto chiefs, is an arresting figure in a headdress of cock pheasant feathers

READY FOR THE FRAY: Young warriors arrive to do one of their traditional war dances. The Duke of Kent saw them in action during his visit to the Union a few years ago

# BASUTOS HONOUR THEIR ANCESTORS

## Picturesquely Clad Natives Forgather to Celebrate the Glorious History of their People in Song and Dance

TO THE RHYTHM OF THE DRUMS: Wearing a curious mixture of European and native dress, the Basutos circle the dancing floor, their feet stamping in time to the music

RECALLING BYGONE TRIUMPHS: Up to now the people have no printed record in their own language of the history of their race, but the nation possesses many gifted chroniclers such as this man who in dramatic fashion tells the story of the Basutos' glorious rise to power

JOUSTING: Contests with wooden staves have for long been a favourite sport of the Basuto whose skilful and graceful handling of these harmless weapons is an education to watch. Each man has a cloth bound round the left hand to serve as a protection against the blows of his opponent

INTERPRETERS OF THE PAST: The one tells the story of his people by word of mouth, the other (seen on the right waiting to take the stage) does the same by a symbolic dance

Basutoland, which is bounded by Natal, Cape Province, and the Orange Free State, is one of the most beautiful regions of South Africa—its snow-capped peaks with their jagged outlines, wild chasms, magnificent waterfalls, and luxuriant valleys all contributing to a scene of amazing grandeur.

From the ethnological point of view, however, the country is equally interesting, and the recently taken pictures of native life reproduced on these pages give an intimate glimpse of the barbaric splendour of the Basuto festivals at which the warriors forgather to honour their ancestors and to hear once again the story of the race.

Symbolic dances also take place and in these every movement has a special significance, recalling battles won and lost, the rise and fall of chieftains, and other historic landmarks.

The Basutos have lived in what is now Basutoland ever since 1820, when they migrated southwards and replaced the Bushmen, a people of inferior intelligence and physique. They soon consolidated their position in this new land and, under their chief, Moshesh, not only repulsed the Zulu invaders but contrived to live at peace with them afterwards. The native settlers later came into collision with the Boer farmers who had encroached on their land, and the hostilities which ensued ended in 1868 in Moshesh seeking and receiving the protection of Great Britain.

Even to this day Basutoland remains under the wing of Britain, being politically outside the South African Union, but the natives enjoy a wide measure of freedom, having, through their National Council, a voice in the government of the territory.

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL: Women members of a chieftain's family watching the festivities. Their dress is even more picturesque than that of the men, but it is by no means their habitual wear, for in everyday life they take an infinite delight in copying the whites and donning their cast-off clothing

THE "BOMBARDMENT" OF WORTHING was one of the features of the four-day "battle" which raged in Sussex last week when troops of the 2nd Division took part in a realistic exercise devised by General the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, Commander-in-Chief, Aldershot Command, to give the men the most difficult task of their 1936 training. *Left*—A six-inch howitzer being wheeled across a main road before taking up position and (*above*)—one of the big guns

BRIDGING THE ROTHER AT FITTLEWORTH: Men of the Royal Engineers placing planks over steel girders in order to prepare a way for the advance of the right wing of the Eastland forces from Horsham

". . . THE MOTHER OF INVENTION": The Westland forces were assumed to have destroyed all the bridges, but the Eastlanders were equal to the occasion, and this hastily but strongly built structure across the Rother enabled them to push on into enemy country

QUICK WORK BY THE R.E.: *Above*—Cyclists crossing another bridge erected by the attacking Eastlanders on the Sussex front. *Right*—The same bridge in course of removal before being taken to another part of the line where it was urgently needed to assist the passage of troops over the Arun. The advance was accomplished with the greatest efficiency, and was given added interest by the surprise tactics of Major-General Wavell who, on the last day, made an unexpected motorised move with the 5th Brigade, switching it back east of the Arun in buses so that it might turn up in overwhelming numbers near Worthing

# THE WAR ON THE SUSSEX FRONT

## Last Week's Realistic Exercises by Troops of the Second Division

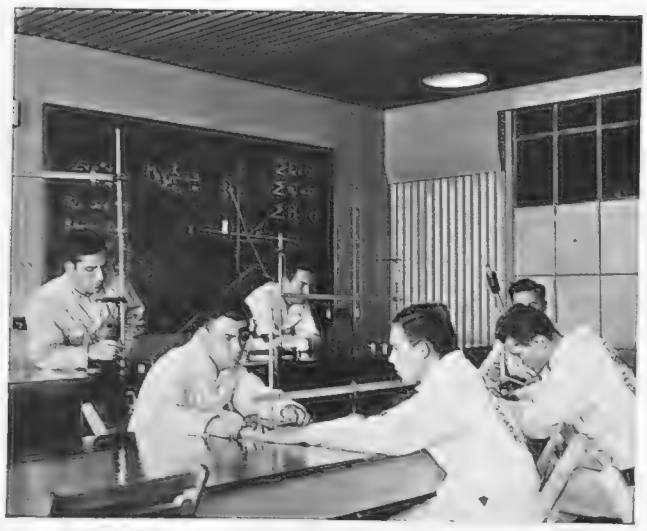
STUDYING THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN: The Hon. Charles Wood (left), the son of Lord Halifax, Lord Amherst of Hackney (right) who is a lieutenant in the Horse Guards, and another officer pictured at Washington, a village which was the scene of much activity

GRENADIER GUARDS ON THE MARCH: Pushing forward along a road near Steyning as the campaign drew to a close and the Westland forces were hemmed in uncomfortably close to their base at Worthing, with little hope of extricating themselves

AFTER DARK IN THE MANŒUVRE AREA: *Above*—Cooks preparing food for men of the 1st Worcestershires, and (*right*) a signaller of the same battalion on duty "somewhere in Sussex." Night operations were the outstanding feature of the four-day battle, and gave the attacking force an excellent chance of employing surprise tactics; a chance which, according to all accounts, they took full advantage of. The exercises have been of enormous interest, and there is no doubt that all ranks have gained valuable experience of conditions closely approximating those that would be encountered on active service

ARMY CHIEFS CONFER: Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and General the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, the C.-in-C., Aldershot Command, and the director of the operations

GUARDIANS OF THE CROSS ROADS: Westlanders on night duty with a machine gun, ready to hold up the advance of the enemy columns as they streamed southwards from Horsham under cover of the darkness



LEARNING THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF MECHANICS: An initial stage in the training of pilots at the Boeing School of Aeronautics, California, where the United States Government is putting into practice new ideas for the teaching of aerial navigation. On taking the controls for the first time students are made to fly blind in a darkened cockpit, using only their instruments, and it is not until they become proficient in this that they are allowed to gain their bearings from the ground

DOES THE ALTIMETER REGISTER TRULY AT ALL ALTITUDES? Students of the Boeing School make a test in a vacuum case, and the answer to the question gives them confidence to rely on the instrument when they first start blind flying

TESTING THE STRENGTH OF A TAILWHEEL: Examining the effect of dropping sandbags on to it. A scene in the Boeing workshops where the students are encouraged to experiment

DETERMINING A PLANE'S CENTRE OF GRAVITY: Another experiment of help to the embryo pilot when "trimming" his machine

# FLYING BLIND IN SAFETY

## America Evolves a Method of Training Men to Pilot Planes with an Accuracy Unknown in the Past and Without Having to Rely on a Sight of the Ground

By GEORGE MYERS

*Chief Flight Instructor Boeing School of Aeronautics*

SUPPOSE I had just handed you a slip of paper on which you read these instructions:—

"Hold take-off course to 1,000 ft.

"Spiral left to 2,000.

"Spiral right to 3,000, level and cruise at 1750 r.p.m.

"At 3,000, I'll put you on a 120-degree course and tell you when you're over the field.

"You take the ship again, hold 120-degree course 8 minutes, hold north eight minutes, then hold 285 degrees 15 minutes."

I tell you that we will have a N.N.W. wind of 34 m.p.h. at 3,000 ft.

Now, let's assume that I take the ship off. When we reach 200 ft. I waggle the controls, and you proceed from that altitude. I haven't told you, but you have had ten hours' experience in piloting an airplane, and you are flying by instrument under a dark hood in the forward cockpit of a training plane. Further you have not yet had a glance at mother earth from an altitude higher than a four-storey building. How the ground looks from an aeroplane, you haven't the slightest idea.

What would you do?

I'll tell you. You would climb with wings level, swing the ship into a two-minute timed turn and spiral upward to the left in a complete circle, then spiral right to complete another circle. And because you have learned something of the meaning of your several flight instruments, you'd come out of the second circle pretty close to 3,000 ft.

More important, after you have held the three assigned courses the required time, you'd know within reasonable limits where you were, although all you see is your instrument panel, because in as short a time as ten hours in the air you have learned to fly by time.

Of course, you are not a finished pilot, ready to take a plane into the air through fog or ride a radio range beacon to its source or bring a ship down a landing beam. But you are learning the fundamentals of instrument flying which will make you a better and more accurate pilot than older men who fly by feeling and sight alone, and are lost when they no longer have a good view of the earth.

If you could trade places with Henry Belden, Allan Calhoun, Cale Cook, George Laverack, Walter Lehwalt or O. D. Howe you would understand better what I mean when I suggest a "timed flight" under the hood. These boys are members of the first flying class that began training in darkened cockpits before being permitted to glance over the side for a sight of the earth.

This is something new in flight training, an innovation brought about by the demands of modern airliner flying. Pilots of the great ships which span continents and oceans no longer fly by guess and by gosh. They navigate their courses much as a mariner plots the course of an ocean liner.

To a large extent the modern pilot learns to fly while yet on the ground. Before I carried aloft any of the six students named I gave them several ground lessons, explained the controls, and told them how the rudder and stick change the altitude of a plane in three dimensions. Then what?

Flights under the hood proceed through four stages.

First, he is further familiarised with the controls and finally the instruments. On his first flight, when a safe altitude is reached, he is told through the interphone system to "take her." From my place in the open cockpit of the trainer I can visualise his mental gymnastics as the plane bobs and bounces through the air, now diving, now one wing low, again climbing too steeply for comfort.

Second, having learned during the first few lessons to hold the plane fairly straight, we introduce the student to "timed turns." This is the important step in his flight education, for it develops his sense of the necessary control movements. Further, upon time depends his success in later instrument flying.

Suppose we take one of our "blind flyers" up for a timed flight. Cale Cook, for instance. We are in the air, flying at 200 ft. I have just turned the controls over to Cook.

Sitting back quietly on my parachute I observe my instruments. The student is holding a fairly steady compass course, climbing approximately 400 ft. a minute. At 1,000 ft., I press the button opening the 'phone circuit, saying:

"Start your left spiral."

Cook goes into a left turn, co-ordinating rudder and control stick movements, placing the ship in the timed turn position and holding the same air speed. He holds this two minutes, making a 360-degree turn and coming out on his original course.

There's the secret of an instrument turn. Two minutes with the turn hand held steady at a predetermined deflection completes a 360-degree turn. Observing his altimeter, he finds he has reached an altitude of 1,800 ft. and continues straight flight to 2,000 ft. when he swings the ship right into his time turn and repeats the performance. Pulling out of the turn at 2,800 ft., he again climbs.

From here on, following repeated practise flights, the student is able to hit an assigned course within 5 degrees. If a definite position of his turn hand produces a 360-degree turn in 120 seconds, how long need he turn to achieve a 90-degree turn? 30 seconds obviously is the answer. Thus the student need only consult his clock to achieve any desired turn.

That's the second phase of flight training under the hood. Now we are ready to "fly the beam." Mystifying as this seems to the non-pilot, riding a beam is not difficult for the well-trained instrument flyer.

The other day I gave one of the students a beam flight. He was able to picture the situation while yet on the ground, for on the apron near the runway on the Oakland, California, airport, is painted an outline of the field. Also painted on the concrete are two white lines representing the radio beams which intersect at the radio range station's "cone of silence" over the station antennæ. The cone is located near the north-west corner of the field. Each line gradually widens from the cone, and is known by name. Therefore, if later I tell a student he is flying out the Concord beam, he knows exactly where he is headed.

After several training flights, during which the student learns to identify, get on, and follow radio beams, he becomes quite proficient following the three-phase problem to a successful conclusion.

Now, let's make the problem more complex Let's have a student locate a beam and put his ship in position for landing. How do we proceed?

With a student under the hood, I taxi the plane across the field and turn it into the wind. There I give him the controls. He takes off, climbs in straight flight to 1,000 ft., makes timed turns right and left to 3,000 ft., then levels off on the same heading along which he had taken off.

Now I give him several problems, such as flying several compass headings, in a deliberate effort to lose him. When convinced he is well lost, I turn on the radio and tell him to locate a beam, identify it, locate the cone of silence, and from that point locate the airport and approach for a landing.

Suppose, for instance, he finds himself in an "N" sector. He places the ship on a 50-degree course, flies that course until he intersects the beam.

INSTRUMENT FLYERS: Mr. George Myers with six of his pupils who have a total of 120 hours piloting experience between them but have never seen the earth from an aeroplane

EVERYTHING FOR THE NAVIGATOR: With all these instruments to watch it would seem at first that the task of the man flying blind is difficult in the extreme. The very reverse is the case, however, and when the pilot learns to use and to put his trust in the altimeter, the airspeed meter, the artificial horizon, the directional gyro, and the compass etc. he can ride the skies secure in the knowledge that fogs and dense clouds no longer have power to make him lose his bearings

makes a 90-degree right turn to a course of 140 degrees. This identifies the Concord beam for him. Now he makes a left turn of one minute 40 seconds, to a course of 200 degrees, which is the Concord beam course leading toward the radio station near the corner of the field. From this point he follows the beam to the cone of silence.

At the cone he makes a right turn into the San Francisco beam and follows it out four minutes, turns out and back into the beam to locate the cone again. Having made the turn, knowing he now is some five minutes flight from the cone of silence, he partially closes the throttle and begins to lose altitude at 500-ft. a minute. When he descends to the 1,000-ft. altitude, he levels off and flies into the cone of silence.

Remembering the picture on the ground and the relation of the airport to the cone, as well as his instructions, he now changes from an 80-degree magnetic course to a courseof 100 degrees magnetic. He holds his altitude of 1,000 ft. for seventy-five seconds to the dot, makes a right turn of approximately one minute to 270 degrees, losing 500 ft. during the turn. Holding the new course he closes the throttle and comes in for a landing.

This is not trick stuff used to train stunt flyers. We are preparing young men to pilot large ships across continents and oceans in safety and with an accuracy unknown in the past.

To digress for a moment, suppose we liken the situation to that of a mariner. At sea a navigator figures his DR and CR at intervals. DR means his dead reckoning position, computed from the course the ship has been following and her actual water speed. CR means his current reckoning or computed position, allowing for current or drift. Each twenty-four hours the navigator takes a new positive celestial fix as a positive check.

In a plane, the pilot establishes fixes by referring to ground land marks, such as a mountain peak, or from radio stations, or marker beacons. Whereas a mariner must be a good navigator, the pilot must be a super-navigator. And radio now has developed to the point where it enables him to identify his position, even on a stormy night, with certainty.

A new landing technique is being developed, which it is hoped will enable pilots to bring down their planes with certainty of pleasant contact with the ground. This will explain further my brief description of a beam landing.

At Oakland the Department of Commerce has installed landing beams, down which students have practised landings in our tri-motored Boeing 80 transport, which serves as a flying classroom to train students in aerial photography and various phases of instrument flying, including beam landings. This will give you a preview of how pilots will be landing under bad weather conditions in the future.

In addition to regular flight instruments, this one of our training ships has been fitted with five radio indicators, as follows:

(1) Long wave radio beam receiver, for Department of Commerce Broadcasts.

(2) Short wave airline receiver for communication with airline stations.

(3) Receiver for localising beams of the field landing system.

(4) Flight path receiver, to indicate altitude.

(5) Marker beacon receiver, indicating when the ship is over the cone of silence of the airway radio beam station.

One and two are aural; three and four, visual. The marker beacon receiver flashes the neon light.

This is not " blind " flying as we knew it a decade ago. These students are learning to " see " in the hooded cockpit before they ever are permitted to look out on the earth. For that reason we think we are training more skilled pilots.

Why the stress on instrument and radio flying? Here, I think, is an adequate answer:

As Mr. Igor Sikorsky pointed out recently, whereas ocean-going transport faces a maximum speed of about 50 miles an hour on the high seas, being stopped by the polar ice caps at the ends of the earth and continental shore lines wherever steamers encounter land, and automobiles and other land transportation are confined to the earth's surface, craft of the air know no limits.

In the air we can reach any spot on the globe by travelling a straight line. Because of that fact, there seems to be no immediate limit in the size and speed of airplanes. Undoubtedly planes several times larger than those now plying the airways will come into service in a short time. It has been predicted that planes of several hundred tons gross weight will be flying successfully. Whether they will speed through the stratosphere remains to be seen.

We find a new class of young men entering aviation, hoping to fly these great ships. Three-fifths of those enrolled at the Boeing School of Aeronautics have attended college. They average, in fact, two and one-half years in college classrooms before dropping purely academic training for the overalls of an aviation student.

Having cast their lot with the air,

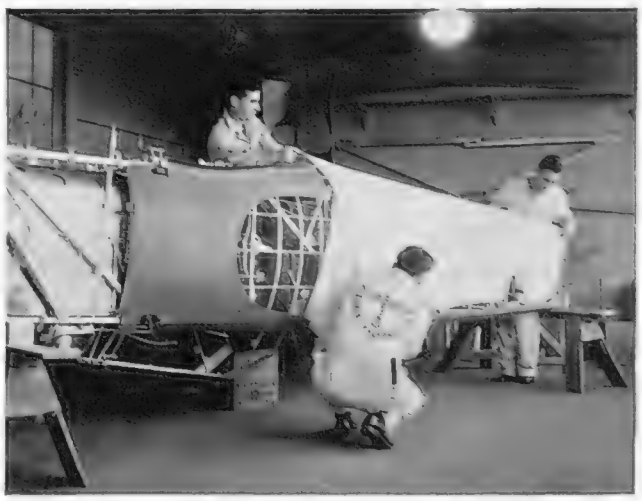
(Continued on page 360)

THE NEW LANDING TECHNIQUE: Students inspecting the radio equipment used on planes for picking up airport direction beams along which it is possible to glide in safety to the ground

FLYING CLASS ROOM: The cabin of the tri-motored machine (formerly an air liner) in which students of the Boeing School are taken for flights by their navigation instructors

CHECKING POSITION: Two members of the navigation class leaning from the windows of their flying class room; one using an octant for observations on the sun, and the other a drift indicator to determine the extent to which the plane is being blown off its course by the force of contrary winds

A TIMED FLIGHT UNDER THE HOOD: This plane is being flown by a student in a darkened cockpit, carrying out by reference to the instrument board before him the complicated manœuvres outlined by the instructor occupying the rear seat



WHEN A TRAINING PLANE COMES TO GRIEF the student responsible rebuilds it with the help of his classmates. Here a fuselage is being covered in the Boeing School's fabric shop

# THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## *The Lull Before the Autumn Publishing Storm Gives the Reviewer a Chance for Reflection*

By VERNON FANE

IN my Editor's room there is a large bookcase, and one day in every week I go over its contents with him.

Now although I have been among books all my life, and frequently my eyelids grow a little weary of the stuff I must read, I have never quite got over the excitement engendered by the sight of a lot of new books in fresh and unfamiliar jackets. Browsing among books is an incurable habit, and why not, since it is among the minor pleasures of life. But to turn over, dip into and sample a selection, as yet unpublished, taking pages here and there at random, is really exciting. Open the new Huxley and find a page of provocative brilliance; see the vigorous black and white of Peter Fleming's pictures opposite a page where he is describing, in his own insouciant style, the drawn-out agony of a march through a Tibetan valley in a death-dealing blizzard.

All editors are busy men; not all are as courteous and patient as mine. He, too, likes books, and he also likes my dachshund, for whom the bustle of a busy office is a weekly adventure.

But dogs and browsers, I am always acutely aware, are out of place where telephones ring every few minutes and men in shirt sleeves appear, disappear and re-appear with the persistence of actors in a French farce. Occasionally I can inveigle a discussion, and sometimes . . . but that is another story.

It is August, and publishers, one presumes, are wherever publishers go in August. The flood of books to which they treated us in the spring has dried up to the merest trickle. Out on their grouse moors or from the Festspielhaus of Salzburg they are no doubt preparing the autumn avalanche, the rumbles of which we already hear through their excellent preliminary announcements. A new Walpole is imminent, succinctly entitled *A Prayer for my Son* (since when did Hugh Walpole acquire a son?): Francis Brett Young with a new novel of his own countryside, *Far Forest;* Noel Coward's long awaited autobiography. Starters; favourites for the great Autumn Stakes, but so far the above have not arrived.

So, taking advantage of the lull, my editor grants me a holiday, a blessed week or two in which I can read, or not, at will: What shall I read? Local news in local newspapers, full of unsophisticated import, often of unconscious humour, sometimes of unconscious drama. "It is not to be presumed that the good well of M. Quelquechose, 5, Rue Tromper, gives of its own accord such a scent." "During the thunderstorm the large Marquee collapsed from which our patroness, Mrs. ffukeley Fuljambes fortunately escaped without injury."

Books? Yes, but books I have loved long since and lost awhile. I think it was Dr. Johnson who said that whenever a new book came out he read an old one. Not like many of his *obiter dicta*, a very sensible remark; but we know what he means. One or two old friends and a few new ones shall go along with me, and with them I shall give myself up to the rare joy of leisured reading.

Rare indeed in a reviewer's day, since he reads habitually in a critical mind, weighing, balancing, noting, trying to be fair to what bores him, to be justly critical of what pleases him on purely personal grounds. In passing I wonder if most readers know how difficult it is to praise a book and at the same time avoid the well-worn stock of superlatives that bespatter book jackets and publishers' advertisements, in which every goose is a wondrous swan and masterpieces are born every minute? Or, for that matter, how easy is the biting and destructive phrase in which the reviewer attempts to display his cleverness at the expense of what he doesn't like and often never attempts to understand.

Then there is this matter of selection. Six weeks from to-day my editor's bookcase, and it is a big one, will be crammed full, and there will be more piled up on the floor. September, October, and November are easily the heaviest publishing months of the year. Certain of these books will become best sellers, others are designed as gift books; all are looking for the Christmas trade, for more books are sold in the three weeks before Christmas than in any three given months in the course of the year. The popularity of any book is an ephemeral thing; the public is always looking for something new. No wonder publishers, booksellers and authors wise and powerful enough to dictate such things all plump for the autumn season.

It has often been said that a young and unknown writer has a better chance of "getting across" a first book to-day than at any other time past. I wonder. True, that the volume of new books published increases year by year (the total is already up for the current one) but what chance has one book of being noticed among so many? The public does not buy what it knows nothing about. Clever publicity and judicious advertising may do the trick, but its chances are slender when one considers the chorus that is about to break about each and every other book coming out, and publishers are not given to fantastic advertising appropriations upon unknown quantities.

THE BOY AUTHOR: Robert Holland, an eleven-year-old Londoner who is now writing his third book. His last work, *The Chairmender*, was brought out by Herbert Joseph, Ltd., and his publishers are of the opinion that he has a great future. Royalties defrayed the cost of the new typewriter

Consider the selective problem. Every well-established author bringing out a new book is reviewed as a matter of course. Better books, I have no doubt, are sometimes passed over for them but the fact remains that every well-known author has his public and that public will want to know about his new book. That volume is book news and must be treated as such. Nor does this only apply to fiction. (Fiction, in fact, is declining in the popular taste. The Chief Librarian of Liverpool has recently noted in his annual report that there "has been a further increase in the demand for works of non-fiction. While the issue of novels decreased by 67,962, the issue of works of non-fiction increased by 70,070).

Biographies, memoirs, travel, and adventure books will all tend to be noticed first of all by the importance of their writers and of the subject matter. The public will want to know about any book about a public character; while newspaper men have recently discovered that there is a wide general interest in their personalia if their lives have brought them in contact with enough stirring events and they have met enough Dictators to fill the bill.

Space is limited and there is no room for them all. The good editor and the conscientious reviewer would like to give them all a show; but how can they? Someone must be passed over, but who? It is an uneasy problem, and all too frequently answered, I am afraid, in the case of the unknown author. Look at a pile of books. Where are we to start? We can select only a few, and by the time we have chosen those which simply cannot be ignored we are already almost up to capacity. A jacket may attract one, supported by a gurgle of over-statement, which is the "blurb." You may tackle that, but how do you know that you haven't passed over something more sombrely dressed by a publisher a little more meticulous in his descriptions? Certain dignified houses, it is true, never publish a bad book, but it is equally true that the publishers of tripe sometimes put out a good one.

So, if one can, one browses a bit, and sometimes one is rewarded by a flash of life from a page, a sentence or two with an authentic ring. And, believe me, there isn't a reviewer born who doesn't whoop for joy at making a discovery for himself.

What happens to all these books? The other day I came across a thought-provoking answer in a trade paper. Here it is:—

"From the beginning of 1931, to the end of July, 1936, the total number of books published was 87,081. Of these only 25,832 were reprints or new editions of books previously published.

"It is therefore to be deduced that something like two-thirds of each year's output of books were appreciated by the very few and, like James Morrison's mother, haven't been heard of since."

Two thirds! Think of the obsequies!

And now, before I go, I would like to thank all those readers who brighten a reviewer's life both with chiding and appreciative letters, and I would like to ask the lady of Boston, Mass., who writes so entertainingly to put a name and address on the next one.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON.—MYSELF A GODDESS: A New Biography of Isabella of Spain. By Alma Wittlin. Illustrated. 15s. ROMANTIC ADVENTURE: Being the Autobiography of Elinor Glyn. Illustrated. 15s. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—THORSTON HALL. By O. S. Macdonell. 7s. 6d. GRANT RICHARDS.—LABOUR IN VAIN: From Labour in Vain to Rest and Be Thankful. By Eric Maxwell. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER AND WARBURG.—EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN. By Arnold Zweig. 8s. 6d. BATSFORD.—THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. By Hugh Quigley. Illustrated by Robert M. Adam. 7s. 6d. BELL.—JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN FRONT TWENTY YEARS AFTER. By R. H. Mottram. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. THE INS AND OUTS OF CRICKET. By R. E. S. Wyatt. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—THE BIRDS. By Frank Baker. 7s. 6d. CHINESE PUZZLE. By Rumer Godden. 6s. HARRAP.—BEHIND THE SMILE IN REAL JAPAN. By E. K. Venables. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. FIRES UNDERGROUND. By Heinz Liepmann. Translated by R. T. Clark. 7s. 6d. SAVAGE SQUADRONS. By Sergei Kournakoff. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. INDIAN MOSAIC. By Mark Channing. 8s. 6d. CRADLE OF THE STORMS. By Bernard R. Hubbard. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. NEWNES.—INVALID COOKERY. By Mrs. Arthur Webb. 2s. 6d. FARMHOUSE COOKERY. By Mrs. Arthur Webb. 2s. 6d. NICHOLLS.—CRICKET TRIUMPHS AND TROUBLES. By C. H. Parkin. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE.—TREASURE TREK. By James Stead. Introduction by "Sinbad." Illustrated. 12s. 6d. STREET & MASSEY.—THE FREELANCE REGISTER 1936. Edited by Nigel Morland. Introduction by R. D. Blumenfeld. 3s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—SO I KILLED HER: By Leonard O. Mosley. 7s. 6d. LEAVE US THE GLORY. By Frederick Howard. 7s. 6d. NOBODY TALKS POLITICS. By Geoffrey Gorer. 8s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—THE SPIRIT MURDER MYSTERY. By Robin Forsythe. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—DWELL IN THE WILDERNESS. By Alvah C. Bessie. 7s. 6d. SO YOUNG, SO WISE. By Angela Jeans. 7s. 6d. THE STRANGE DEATH OF LIBERAL ENGLAND. By George Dangerfield. 12s. 6d. THE DESERT FATHERS: Translations from the Latin. With an Introduction by Helen Waddell. 7s. 6d. THE FOURTH PIG. By Naomi Mitchison. 7s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—YES AND ALBERT THOMAS. By E. J. Phelan. 10s. 6d. POLITICAL PARADE. By David Low. 6s. NELSON.—BEAUTY NOT COMPLETE. By Maysie F. Johnston. 7s. 6d. SO THEY BEGAN. By John Guthrie. 7s. 6d. DREAMERS IN VENICE. By Russell Green. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. MOSCOW ADMITS A CRITIC. By Bernard Pares. 2s. 6d. PRELUDE TO BALLET: An Analysis and a Guide to Appreciation. By Arnold L. Haskell. Decorations by M. Doboujinsky. 3s. 6d. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—THE BIRTH OF BALLETS-RUSSES. By Prince Peter Lieven. Translated by L. Zarine. 15s. BLACK.—THE BALLETOMANE'S SCRAP-BOOK. By Arnold L. Haskell. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. BLACKIE.—GREEN ELF AND GOLDEN ELF. By Agnes Grozier Herbertson. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—ST. JOAN OF ARC. By V. Sackville-West. Illustrated. 10s. ENTR'ACTE. By Vladimir Koshevnikoff. Translated by Denys Oglander. 6s. FABER & FABER. MEET YOURSELF AS YOU REALLY ARE. By Prince Leopold Loewenstein and William Gerhardi. 6s. WHAT IS SURREALISM? By André Breton. 2s. NATIONAL LIBRARIES PUBLISHING COMPANY.—CAMEOS FROM A LACE CUPBOARD. By Ruth M. Bigg-Wither. Illustrated. 15s. WARD LOCK.—GUIDE TO LONDON. 52nd Ed. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND US. By Noel Langley. 7s. 6d. THE SON OF GRIEF. By Dydley Carew. 7s. 6d. MELUSINE OR DEVIL TAKE HER! By Charlotte Haldane 7s 6d. CAREER. By Phil Stong. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—CAPTAIN HERON. By W. Townend. 7s. 6d. COLOUR CINEMATOGRAPHY. By Major Adrian Bernard Klein. Illustrated. 25s. MR. LOVEDAY'S LITTLE OUTING: And Other Sad Stories. By Evelyn Waugh. 7s. 6d. SUSSEX COTTAGE. By Esther Meynell. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. ALDOR.—1936 . . . ON THE CONTINENT: The Entertaining Travel Annual. Edited by Eugene Fodor. 6s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—MY LIFE'S ADVENTURE. By the Hon. Sir John Kirwan. Illustrated. 15s. JOHN MURRAY.—THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE. By Axel Munthe. Illustrated. 18s. NATURE LOVER PUBLICATIONS.—CHATTER ABOUT DOGS. By Coulson Kernahan. Foreword by Warwick Deeping. 2s. 6d.

# LONDON'S COLLIERS

*Coal-Carrying Craft that are a Familiar Feature of the Tideway Traffic, and the Station at Tilbury where they are Signalled into the River*

A MUNICIPALLY-OWNED GIANT OF THE TIDEWAY: The S.S. *Fulham*, which belongs to Fulham Borough Council and is employed in bringing coal to Fulham Power Station, made history when it came up the Thames for the first time this year, as no vessel of such a size had ever before gone so far upstream. Her cargo capacity is 2,300 tons

WATCHING THE SHIPS GO BY: This look-out post, belonging to the Coal Factors Society, is known as the Collier Signal Station and is situated near Tilbury Fort. By day and night, right through the year, the men on duty here report the arrival of each collier to the upstream wharf where she is expected

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE COLLIER SIGNAL STATION: The close of the winter months is the busiest season for the men on the look-out and in March of this year a record total of more than 560 coal-carrying vessels passed inward or outward

DOWN UNDER: A collier, its funnel temporarily lowered flush with the deck, about to pass beneath one of the London bridges

## *Coal Carrying on the River Highway*

London's demands for coal are incessant and increasing: more for gas production, more for electricity. Barking Power Station, Beckton Gas Works, Greenwich Generating Station, and Deptford Power Station are, perhaps, the most notable "below-bridge" consumers. "Above-bridge" there are Battersea Power Station, Wandsworth and District Gas Company's Works, and, newest of all, Fulham Power Station. When the last named has been completed as planned, it will require the arrival of one collier daily to keep things going.

"Below-bridge" colliers are not particularly remarkable in appearance: they have usually two masts, and City folk see them only if they visit London, E., and her waterside. But the "above-bridge" colliers are familiar to every one west of Tower Bridge who ever watches the tideway traffic. They are long slinky fellows, mastless, and possessing funnels which can lie back flush with the deck. The biggest bears in her hull 2,300 tons of coal as a single cargo. Under the skilled hands of special pilots whom the companies employ, they are manœuvred through the bridges (some have to pass under sixteen) without shouting and flurry.

The collier pilots do not demand the demolition of London's bridges for their convenience; they rely on the designing skill of the builders of their ships to keep down deck hamper and give cargo capacity. The newest collier coming "above-bridge" carries rather more cargo than her predecessor and nevertheless has 1½ feet less hull height. The additional erections about a bridge under repair (as Chelsea Bridge just now) and the numerous lights thus needed at night add to the collier pilot's worries, but he does not incline to gird at the bridges when unencumbered and normal.

Most of the colliers are, appropriately enough, black-hulled, though the new *Fulham* is battleship grey with dark green boot-topping and a silver-hued funnel. The black funnels of the Gas Light and Coke Company fleet are adorned with a silver band showing red flames.

THE S.S. "EWELL," a collier with low hull height and big cargo capacity, raises her funnel to the normal position after passing beneath a bridge. During their journeys up and down stream, in the charge of skilled river pilots, some vessels have to negotiate as many as sixteen bridges. It is no easy task and is rendered even more difficult when building or demolition work is in progress, as it is at Waterloo and Chelsea, and there is very little room left for manœuvring

# NEW YORK'S NEGRO THEATRE

## Where a Coloured Cast Recently Presented "Macbeth" but Made Haiti Instead of Scotland the Scene of the Play

"IF CHANCE WILL HAVE ME KING, WHY CHANCE MAY CROWN ME, WITHOUT MY STIR": Jack Carter, an impressive figure in the title rôle of Macbeth at the Lafayette negro theatre

SEYTON AND HECATE: Two coloured actors who play minor parts in *Macbeth* with great effect. In order to suit the tastes of the Harlem theatre-going public the scene has been changed from Scotland to the West Indian island of Haiti, and a few other alterations have been made. For the most part, however, the play remains unchanged

"I HAVE NO WORDS—MY VOICE IS IN MY SWORD": Maurice Ellis, a talented actor whose classic features lend dignity to the part of Macduff

### *Sponsored by the Government*

The universality of Shakespeare's appeal is once again evidenced by the Lafayette theatre's production of his greatest tragedy which, though meeting with a mixed reception at the hands of New York's critics, has won an immense success with the coloured theatre-going public which delights in the play's incomparable language. The production is sponsored by the United States Government and in the autumn it is to be presented on Broadway and at several out-of-town theatres where it will doubtless repeat its triumph of the past summer

"A DRUM, A DRUM! MACBETH DOTH COME": The three witches who are represented as devotees of the Voodoo cult in Haiti; another of the minor concessions made in the interests of the audience. *On right*—THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: Edna Thomas as Lady Macbeth

ENTR'ACTE: Two of the performers in conversation in the wings of the Lafayette theatre. Their costumes have been designed with considerable ingenuity, and are quite one of the most pleasing features of the production

THE THRONGED AUDITORIUM: For months past the theatre has been crowded by the intelligentsia of Harlem, New York's coloured quarter, and by a fair sprinkling of Shakespearean enthusiasts from "uptown." Tickets for all seats are 40 cents (about 2s.), and more often than not the management has had to put out "house-full" notices long before the curtain goes up for the performance

COMEDY OF ERRORS: Papa and Mamma receive the guests at the ball given at their Twickenham home for the purpose of marrying off their daughters; a purpose that is not achieved without the usual complications that beset would-be matchmakers. This is one of the opening scenes in *The Two Bouquets*, Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon's highly entertaining musical play which recently began its run at the Ambassadors Theatre

THE SOWER OF WILD OATS: Edward (George Benson), man about town and black sheep of the Gill family, having drunk too much "bubbly" mixes up the bouquets and starts endless complications in the mid-Victorian comedy at the Ambassadors

# SUMMER SHOWS IN RETROSPECT

## *Ballet the Dominating Feature of a Theatrical Season Notable for many Fine Productions*

*Reviewed by*
PHILIP PAGE

THE autumn theatrical season will be definitely launched next week, and the customary lull can be filled in with some slight analysis of its predecessor.

I would say that the most emphatic success has not been theatrical at all, but "balletic." Ballet has been the chief feature of the summer months; the most discussed and, certainly in one instance, the most profitable financially. Covent Garden—the largest theatre in London—has been filled week after week at by no means cheap prices by people of all shapes, sexes, and social positions to watch dancing and dancing alone.

Not since June has a sound been heard on that vast stage. No, I'm wrong. In *La Boutique Fantasque*, one of the "dogs" barks, a far more pleasant noise than that made by some of the German singers earlier in the summer. Even now, when the weather is warm and the season is in its last few nights, the attendance is satisfactory.

The Blum Ballet at the Alhambra did not fare quite so well. But they had definite support, and considering they were up against so formidable a rival they have no real reason to be downhearted. Their repertoire might have been a little more interesting. They relied too much on familiar favourites, and their one important novelty, *Don Juan*, was too long and too dull.

In the stage world itself there have been some outstanding successes, and the season compares well with those of previous years.

Rodney Ackland's play, *After October*—formless but amusing, and very human—caught, and still retains, the public fancy. *Heroes Don't Care*, a gloriously funny comedy on original lines, is notable for the revelation of that excellent actor, Mr. Felix Aylmer, as a farcical comedian, but not too farcical. *The Frog*, at the Prince's, founded on an Edgar Wallace story, is a conventional "thriller" which has developed into a genuine, if possibly, unexpected success. Mr. Gordon Harker gives it the humour without which it would be too conventional.

Mr. Walter Hackett has registered another winner at the Apollo with *The Fugitives*, by an uncanny coincidence making a revolution in Spain the central theme. (The piece was, of course, written and produced long before the revolution broke out.) Miss Lilian Braithwaite is chiefly responsible for drawing large audiences to the Criterion to see *The Lady of La Paz*, and a very happy piece in every way is *Spring Tide* at the Duchess, with a glorious performance by Mr. Arthur Sinclair.

*The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, a crime comedy drama with a new touch to it, seems to have caught on at the Haymarket, and people are likely to go on laughing for a long time yet at *Three Men on a Horse* at Wyndham's, which owes much to Mr. Bernard Nedell and to Miss Clare Carleton, whose picture of a gangster's "lady-friend" with an accommodating disposition is one of the best things in London. And *Blackbirds* at the Gaiety is in more senses than one "a riot."

This list does not pretend to be exhaustive, nor does it include hard-and-fast successes left over from previous seasons.

Productions which have not come up to expectation, financial or otherwise, are headed by *The Happy Hypocrite* at His Majesty's. I say "headed," because this, frankly, came up to my expectations artistically, though I believe it lost money. Mr. Ivor Novello's performance as the Regency rake was the best thing he has done as yet, and the general production, scenically, musically, and in every other respect, I thought delightful.

Most people who saw that amusing travesty of Hollywood, *Boy Meets Girl* at the Shaftesbury, seem to be surprised that it did not last longer. Possibly the explanation of a comparatively short run is the idea that one cannot burlesque what is already a burlesque. (In point of fact one can.) But I have a notion that the great heart of the entertainment-loving public regards film-stars and all that appertaineth to them as essentially sacred. To encourage poking fun at such Awful Beings by supporting it with cash might therefore be thought a case of being an accessory during the blasphemy.

Dame Sybil Thorndike found fate unkind in *The Kind Lady* at the Lyric—a gloomy play of unrelieved depression. *Green Waters* at the Vaudeville deserved, I thought better luck.

There was a play at the Apollo, with poor Mr. Nicholas Hannen in it, of such paralysing inamity that I have forgotten its name—and would forbear mentioning if I had not. The author seemed a nice young man.

**French Music at the "Proms."**—Not so very long ago a whole evening of French music at the "Proms" would have been regarded as a daring absurdity. Rigid Wagnerites, flocking to the Queen's Hall on Monday nights, and even more rigid Bachites, turning up in their hundreds on Wednesdays, would also have turned up their noses at what they would probably have called "French pastry."

Times have changed. The hall was very full indeed for a concert mainly devoted to Ravel and Debussy—over an hour-and-a-half of their music being played without an interval.

This is, of course, French pastry of a rare and delicious type. And by no means without its poignancy, which made Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole* topical and suggestive of the tragedy of Spain to-day, though it was written, of course, some years ago. Here are not only the familiar dance rhythms of the country but something also of its fierce sadness.

The piano concerto had Mlle Marcelle Meyer as a more than efficient soloist; I doubt whether the value of the work is commensurate with its extreme difficulty.

There was some good Debussy, notably the *Nocturnes*. The third of these (*Sirènes*) has a small female chorus, which sang rather out of tune. The sea is sometimes flat, but sirens should never be. But I do not suggest a mechanical substitute; steam sirens would be rather too odd for "Prom" devotees. The appearance of some of these worthy enthusiasts, particularly the males, is this year, however, odder than ever. Beards, bare and hairy chests, and corduroy shorts seem to go with a taste for all that is best in music.

**Harry Plunket Greene.**—While on musical topics I must refer to the passing of that fine artiste and well-loved man, Harry Plunket Greene. Like his father-in-law, the late Sir Hubert Parry, he was a musician who was also a country gentleman, and the combination is rare. At one time he sang in opera, but the ballad was his true métier. He could

(*Continued on page* 360)

MAMMA BREAKS INTO SONG, elated by the good fortune which has at length attended her multiple match-making activities in spite of the tragic incident of the muddled bouquets. This part is admirably played by Joyce Barbour

. . . AND PAPA FOLLOWS SUIT: Frederick Ranalow as the easy-going father has many opportunities of demonstrating his vocal talents

"THE TWO BOUQUETS".

# What Other People are Doing

METAMORPHOSIS: Ex-Fräulein Z. Koubkova, noted Czechoslovakian athlete who, as a result of a surgical operation, has become a man. This picture was taken after his arrival on the *Ile de France* in New York, where he is now appearing in a night club show

ROYAL ALPINIST: Young King Ananda of Siam ready for a day's climbing at Champex, where he is attending a holiday camp with several of his fellow students from Lausanne

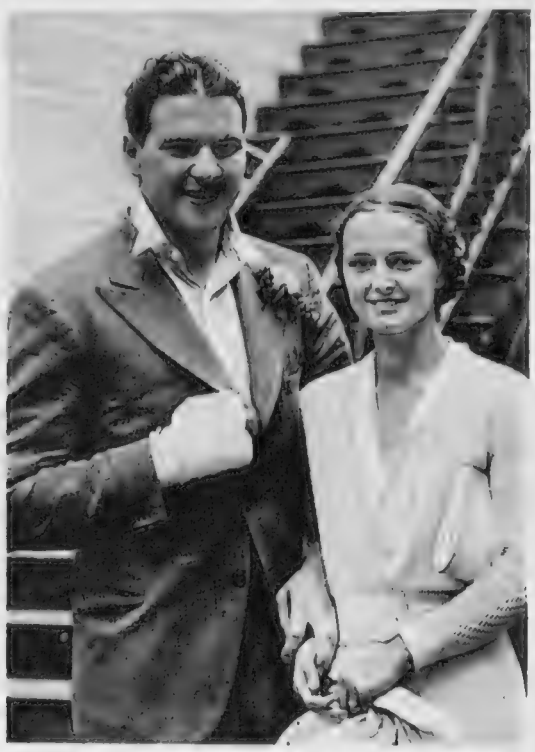
HELMSWOMAN: Mrs. J. B. Kelloch, wife of the captain, at the wheel of the ex-Brixham trawler, *Antelope*, in which she and her husband are to make a world voyage

THE MOUNTED MINISTER: The Reverend H. Hodson, Vicar of Northleach, near Cheltenham, visits his parishioners on horseback, finding this mode of travel best suited to the nature of the country

THE SCRAPHEAP WÜRLITZER: Tea chests, old cycle tyres, discarded clocks, and even parts of a sewing machine were utilised by Thomas Williams, an eighteen-year-old Swansea boy, in building this organ, which is of the type used in cinemas, being complete with drums, bells, and other instruments. He has installed it in the living room of his parents' home

MINE HOST OF "THE BUILDER'S ARMS": Ex-Chief Inspector W. E. Hamett, popular chief of "B" Division of the City Police, who has just retired after twenty-six years' service in the force and is now running a public house in Compton Street, King's Cross

IN TOWN: Bette Davis, the Hollywood star who has not had a holiday for some years, arrived in London last week with her husband, Hermon Nelson. She is always regarded as one of the "happily marrieds" of the film colony



THE NEW CHAMP.: Ben Foord, who robbed Jack Petersen of his British and Empire Heavyweight titles, pictured with his fiancée, Miss Phyllis Sowlett on the morning after his victory. His right hand was bandaged as a result of an injury during the fight

# LONDON CLOSED for REPAIRS

## And Other Matters of Metropolitan Interest

DEALING WITH A DEATH TRAP: Victoria Street has long been notorious for its poor road surface which has been the cause of much skidding and not a few accidents during wet weather. Now workmen are engaged in laying down a new "granite carpet" which it is confidently expected will put matters right

EARLY CORONATION PREPARATIONS: Employees of the Office of Works cleaning the basin of the Queen Victoria Memorial outside Buckingham Palace, one of many tasks of a like nature which they will complete before London is en fête next spring. They use holystone as a scouring medium

BRIGHTENING UP THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE: One wing of the vast Gothic pile is completely enveloped in steel scaffolding and employees of the Office of Works are preparing to give the façade a thorough cleaning—the long vacation allowing them an opportunity for the task as the re-opening does not take place until October. The view on the right shows a workman measuring up the statue of King Solomon which stands high above the main gateway

THERE IS A RECORD RUSH TO SEE THE CROWN JEWELS which, in view of the forthcoming Coronation, are now the principal attraction at the Tower of London. Queues such as this have been forming nearly every day this month and the Yeomen of the Guard are experiencing their busiest time for many years past

RUBBERNECKING RESTRICTED: A barrier protects Miss Marjory Watherston from the encroachment of crowds of sightseers as she works at Westminster Abbey on her picture of officers of the Order of the Bath returning to the Chapter House after the installation ceremony in Henry VII's chapel

THE PETROL WORLD

# BUREAUCRATS AND THE ROADS

## Lack of Foresight in Dealing with the Highway Problem and Other Notes of Current Interest

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)*

THE statement that the Ministry of Transport would take over certain of our main highways was generally welcomed, but it would be a great mistake if those who have the interests of motorists to look after diminish in any way their vigilance over general road matters. Government Departments have never been conspicuous for their initiative or enterprise and it is doubtful whether any official in Whitehall can see much farther than across his own particular thoroughfare. Someone should be placed at the head of the new main road department who is gifted with developed powers of foresight, for the department will have to alter and construct roads, not just to take the traffic of to-day but that of ten or fifteen years hence. The mistakes in the past and at the present moment which have been, and are being made, by the various County Councils are almost unforgivable. We have by-pass roads constructed at great expense which are certainly as dangerous as the century-old roads they have replaced. Very few of these by-passes have scientifically banked curves, and none that I have come across, except those with dual carriageways, is sufficiently wide even for present day traffic.

Even the responsible authorities in London, where one might reasonably suppose that some intelligent anticipation of future needs would be shown, have given us the new Lambeth Bridge, and another one now in course of construction at Chelsea, with carriageways that are far too narrow.

The Ministry of Transport, I presume, keep an accurate chart of where every serious accident takes place. That being the case I would have imagined that when, say, three or more are registered at any particular bend or cross-road, the road authorities who have jurisdiction over that particular spot are notified. If they are not they should be told that something must be done to remove or at any rate improve the danger spot. The grounds for my doubts are that I know at least two real danger spots where accidents still happen, and nothing seems to be done about them. At one of these places there would be an accident, or perhaps several, every day were it not for the presence of an A.A. scout. If a house had to be removed in order to lessen the danger I would not be surprised if the alterations called for were held up or slowed down, but at the place in question there are no buildings that I can see that would have to be touched in order to make accidents less likely to happen.

Experience on the road must make the average driver wonder whether some of his fellow road users with cars have come straight out of a lunatic asylum. Every day I come across drivers who obviously have no powers of anticipation whatever. In other words, they cannot see what the position of other cars and their own is going to be in a few seconds' time. The result is that they overtake at extremely dangerous moments when a car, or cars, are bearing down upon them in the opposite direction; or overtake on blind corners or when approaching the top of a gradient when their view ahead is limited to a few yards. Even the best drivers sometimes make a miscalculation, but I think the large majority of people who make these kinds of almost criminal mistakes keep on making them every half-mile or so if the road is crowded. Perhaps they have some strange mentality, like a friend of mine, who never lost an opportunity of telling me that I was quite wrong in going over a cross-roads slowly, because he said that by an elementary calculation he could show me that if he crossed over a cross-road at sixty miles an hour the risk of accident to him was only one-sixth of what it would be to me if I traversed the danger spot at ten miles an hour. All the arguments that I could marshal never convinced him, and unless he has met an untimely death he may still be driving in the full conviction that he is an ultra-safe motorist.

There has been a lot of correspondence of late in the motoring technical papers regarding Concours d'Elégance. As my readers probably know this type of competition has become very popular and many seaside towns and other places hold events of this description, particularly during the summer months. On the Continent where this event really originated, the cars are judged frequently by just being driven past the officials and so the awards are made entirely on the elegance of the competing vehicle. In this country, however, Concour d'Elégance is really a coachwork competition in which the awards are made on a basis of marking in which several other factors as well as elegance of outline, are taken into account. For instance, a competitor can score marks for ease of ingress and egress, visibility from the driving seat, unusual gadgets, and comfort of the seats. In fact, I do not think I am wrong in saying that it is possible, although perhaps not probable, that a car could obtain first prize having nothing on its chassis but a glorified soap-box. If the promotors were content, like the R.A.C., who organise a Rally in March every year, to call their event a Coachwork Competition, there would be little grounds for complaint, but when entries are invited for a Concour d'Elégance the position frankly becomes grotesque.

A THOROUGHBRED: Mr. Jack Barclay's own 4½ litre Bentley Four-door Sports Saloon, the body of which was constructed by Thrupp and Maberley. The capacious luggage boot at the back seems rather to add to than detract from the graceful lines of the vehicle

The other evening I was dining with some friends in a new house and I noticed on leaving how extremely difficult it was to get back on the main road after I had parked the car in the appointed place. A drive which curves is probably very picturesque and adds much to the attraction of the place, but such a layout can be an infernal nuisance, not only to the owner's visitors, but also to the owner himself. I well remember when my own house was built for me that the landscape gardener, who planned the grounds for me, pegged out what he considered the best layout for the drive to the front door and the garage. Having had some previous experience I was able to tell him not to proceed any further than hammering in the pegs until I had given my approval.

I thereupon borrowed the largest car I could lay my hands on and endeavoured to reach my front door, put the car in the garage and then get back on the main road. I found it quite impossible to complete this manœuvre without several reverses and at the risk of running over flower beds, damaging fences and of course scratching my car. After a little deliberation I finally decided that the picturesque layout must be abandoned and the horribly practical idea of a dead straight substituted. Actually this entailed taking down a gate which had already been erected and planting it in an entirely new position. Although this meant considerable inconvenience and entailed a little expense I have never regretted my decision. I mention this as it is the kind of thing which might not cross the mind of a motorist unless he had had previous experience.

THE CURSE OF ST. OSYTH: Picnickers who mar the beauties of St. Osyth near Clacton-on-Sea, with litter are warned in no uncertain terms by notice boards which, in rhyme, threaten to bring the direst mishaps upon them

THE BERNE GRAND PRIX: Richard Seaman, champion British racing motorist of the year, driving his year-old Delage in the race which he won easily at a speed of 87.85 m.p.h

The 1937 Austin programme is sure to be of interest to a very large number of people. The high spot is undoubtedly the Fourteen Goodwood Saloon. The flowing lines of the body on this chassis are somewhat different from those usually found on Austin productions. So far as one can tell from photographs the car is very pleasing to the eye and the price should make it equally popular from the pocket point of view. The engine is a six-cylinder of 15.9-h.p. Almost every conceivable item of equipment which could make for silence, stability, and comfort seems to have been included. The seating accommodation appears to be more than generous. The specification includes leather upholstery, adjustable front seats, arm-rest in rear seat, fitted suitcase, and flush-fitting sliding head. I also notice that a new instrument panel with two-dial grouping has been adopted, whilst the familiar Austin cubby-hole in the facia board is retained. The motor for the independently controlled windscreen wipers is placed in a separate compartment so that it is practically dead silent.

Another point in the specification which appeals to me is the gear box which gives the driver synchromesh changes on second, third, and top.

(*With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.*)

# Give and Take

*(mis-taken, without mis-givings, from the pages of "Alice through the Looking Glass.")*

While Alice and the White King were talking, the Messenger arrived. He was so exhausted that he could hardly speak, but sank down on the ground and eventually panted out, "Oh, I *am* tired!"

"Poor fellow!" said the King. "I wonder what's the best thing to do when you're tired?"

"Have a Guinness," gasped the Messenger; and opening the bag that hung round his neck, he produced his bottle.

"By all means," said the King, taking the Guinness from the astonished Messenger. "Thank you very much. Of course," he went on, as he poured it out, "there's nothing like a Guinness when you're tired."

Alice didn't quite know what to say, so she remarked, "I've always heard that nothing takes the place of Guinness."

"Quite right!" said the King. "There *was* a Guinness in his bag—and now there's *nothing* in it!" Then, turning to the Messenger, he

continued, "Come, cheer up, my man! A glass of Guinness refreshes you for hours."

"But it isn't ours now," objected the Messenger. "It's yours!"

"What's yours?" asked the King, puzzled, as he raised the glass.

"Thanks," said the Messenger, quickly. "I'll have the Guinness!"

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.564.

*Peter Clark*

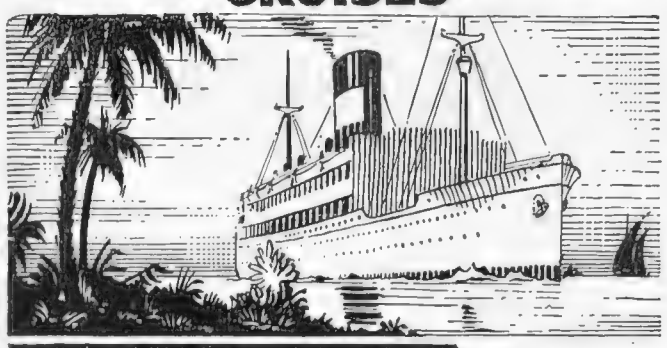
# AUTUMN WEAVES

A NEW shrunken jersey cloth, smooth and velvety surfaced, is used for the cardigan suit on the left at the head of this page. Tucked slenderly at the waist, it is trimmed with bands of stitching, and the skirt has pleats at the side front. It is made in all the new rich autumn shades, and costs 50s. at Swan & Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

The gay little shirt that is also pictured at the head of this page is pure wool, striped in red, blue, and white. It can be worn either buttoned at the throat or opened to show the plain facings. It is made by Allen Solly in a host of striking colour combinations, and is delightfully fine and soft

The girl on the left wears an Allen Solly jumper in a very effective plain and fancy knit. The plain front, with a fancy motif at the waist, is cleverly designed to take inches from its apparent breadth, and here again the range of colours is superb. If you have any difficulty at all in finding Allen Solly jumpers, write to 32, Savile Row, W.

# AUTUMN & WINTER CRUISES



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# CONTINUATIONS

## FLYING BLIND IN SAFETY

*(Continued from page 349)*

what may they expect? The ultimate aim of many is to climb into an airliner as first pilot. Before succeeding to that important post they must pass the Scheduled Air Transport Rating Test of the U.S. Department of Commerce. Before being permitted to take the test, each must have had 1,200 hours of flight instruction and flying experience.

Excepting for the required time, a graduate "airline pilot" with 250 hours of instruction, single-engine and tri-motor experience, usually is well qualified to pass the test. Meantime, to acquire the necessary hours, he may serve as co-pilot or mate for a period of one to four years. His duties? Relieving the pilot of regular flying duties by doing most of the instrument flying, checking gas and oil before each flight, conducting radio communication and, on some lines, attending to passengers' wants.

In the near future the mate will play an even more important role in flying his ship, thus acquiring valuable experience for that proud day when he "takes over." He will bear a larger share of the flying job, for as we move on to bigger ships and fly longer distances at higher speeds between stops, the mate will fly the ship, applying course and altitude corrections to the automatic pilot while the chief pilot navigates and directs the flying. For that reason, the co-pilot must be fully qualified in instrument flying from the first day he steps into a regular run.

## DELVING INTO DEAUVILLE'S FINANCES

*(Continued from p. 338)*

of 125,000 francs seems distinctly reasonable; while 270,000 francs for the electricity bill seems equally low when you realise that obstinate gamblers will follow up their wins or losses until long after dawn, night after night. In the high season they frequently play until 10 a.m. and naturally the curtains are still kept drawn right until the last player goes home red-eyed to bed or a bathe.

I have no room here for the cost of the upkeep of the bathing boxes which in a wet summer cannot hope to pay their way. Nor can I give all the details of such heavy items as advertising, posters (which cost ten francs each), the autobuses between the hotels, golf course, and railway station, nor even of the telephone account which must be prodigious. There is also the cost of the upkeep of the big Paris office, the all-the-year-round headquarters of the Syndicate. Again, the directors were much too shy to specify their own salaries. But we now have the largest item of the lot and one which this year, owing to the compulsory wholesale increase of salaries all round, this year will be at least 40 per cent. higher than last year. The cost of the staff of the Casino and the three hotels was 4,690,000 francs. This year, as I say, it will probably come to £78,000 in wages. In 1935 the croupiers alone received 2,000,000 francs. This however, came out of the "Merci monsieur pour le personnel" receipts. And now last of all is the payment to the Government and the municipality of taxes, rake-offs and other compulsory contributions. This, last year, was exactly 4,619,495 francs.

If you add up these various figures and set them against the total receipts of 17,000,000 francs for the season, you will find that the outgoings are apparently 3,000,000 francs less than the takings. But then, of course, you have completely forgotten the cost of all the food and drink as purchased by the company for its hotels and its casino. There are also those items of advertising, telephones, head office, overhead, bathing boxes, and autobuses.

So really if you insist on a glass of orange juice in a casino you cannot really be surprised at its cost, can you?

OFF TO THE CAPE: Sir Seymour and Lady Hicks with their daughter, Betty, as they left Waterloo at the start of their journey to South Africa where Sir Seymour and his company are to make a theatrical tour

## SUMMER SHOWS IN RETROSPECT

*(Continued from page 353)*

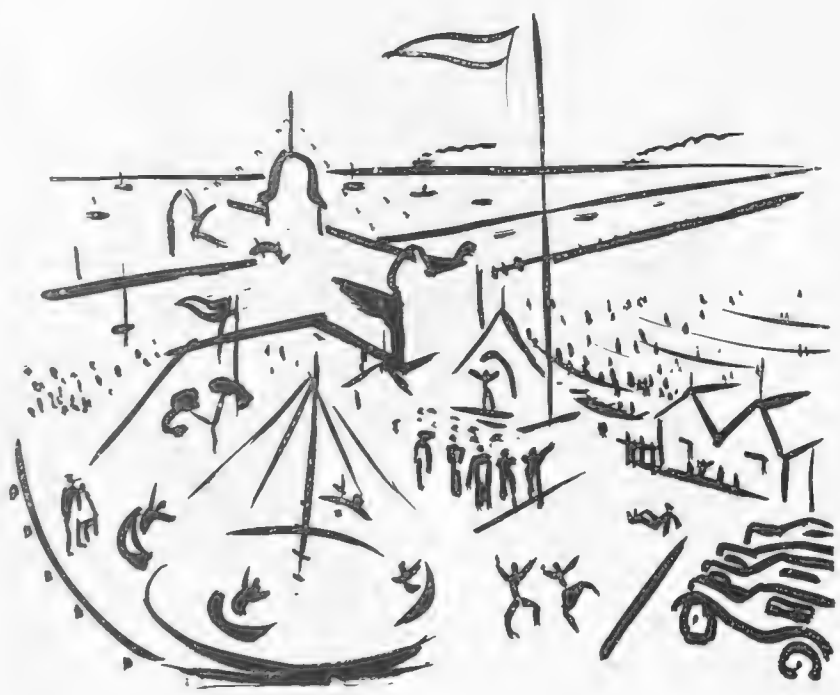
redeem a poor song by his inimitable touch. And he knew so much of singing and had so strong a personality, that when his actual voice had almost disappeared, he could still enchant with the perfection of his treatment.

Plunket Greene's book *Interpretation in Song* is a classic, and should be read and digested by everyone who hopes to be a singer, as well as by many who consider they are singers.

**Constance Bennett's Latest.** — Miss Constance Bennett is now using her glamorous beauty in roles of a different type. She achieved film-fame not only because of that beauty but because she showed peculiar skill in suggesting sophistication, expensive restaurants, exquisite wives of millionaires, smart epigrams, and the sort of people who are be-paragraphed on both sides of the Atlantic and are soap-boxed certainly on this side of it—in Hyde Park.

She now essays the penniless and the pathetic, and, being an excellent actress, does it quite successfully. In *Everything is Thunder* Miss Bennett is a "waif of the streets" and, we are led to suppose, rather a naughty waif. Since she looks exactly as she did in her "exotic" parts, it is obvious that she would not have been a waif for five minutes. That does not alter the fact that she is good entertainment in this story of a girl with a heart of gold who takes an escaped officer to her garret, sobs in his arms, and falls in love with him, and outwits a policeman.

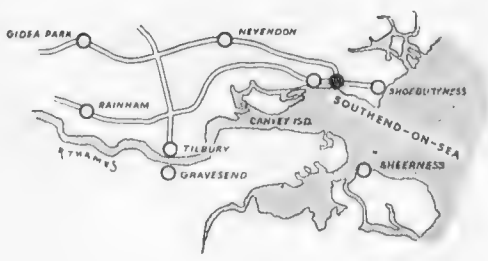
The scene is supposed to be Berlin; the picture was made at Shepherd's Bush; and Miss Bennett is sheer Hollywood. There's internationalism for you.



SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

but

WEEK-END ON SHELL




YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

STRASBOURG'S CROWNING GLORY: The celebrated medieval cathedral with its magnificently adorned façade and its single tower piercing the sky. For three weeks, from September 5 to 25, the city will be thronged by visitors to the European Fair

# Motoring on French Highways

## And Other Matters of Interest to the Intending Holidaymaker

**Guide Books to Holland.**—Two new books about Holland have just made their appearance—one is in the "Little Guides" series and the other in the "Ten Pounds" series. The first, considering how little it is (it will fit fairly comfortably into a decent sized pocket), contains an astonishing amount of really interesting information and gives you the most important facts about all the places you are likely to want to visit. The other explains how to go to Holland for eight or nine days and make the most of it on £10. The author gives the names of a number of inexpensive hotels that can be recommended in The Hague and Amsterdam, and gives some useful hints on where to eat, which is always a particularly important consideration when you are abroad for fun.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.*

**Suggestions for an Italian Tour.**—Although at the present time there is still a certain amount of feeling against the British in Italy, travellers from this country are beginning to go there again and every effort is being made by the Italians to attract tourist traffic.

Special tourist lire are available, but these must be purchased outside Italy, and if it is not possible for you to buy these in Ceylon, we suggest you obtain them through the C.I.T., Regent Street, London, and have them made payable at their office in Naples. These lire enable a visitor to Italy to obtain approximately a 25 per cent. reduction, *i.e.*, he receives 82 lire to the £ sterling instead of 62 and he is allowed to spend up to 250 lire per day. A minimum of 1,000 lire is payable by draft. Passport number and date of issue must be sent to the C.I.T. when applying for tourist lire.

If you do not wish to make use of this method of payment, it is possible to obtain a 50 per cent. reduction on all railways in Italy and you could purchase the tickets you require at any tourist agency in Naples, on production of your passport; probably you would find this a simpler method. It is not permissible to obtain the 50 per cent. reduction on the railways and make use of tourist lire.

We suggest the following itinerary: Naples-Rome-Chiusi-Asciano - Siena - Pisa - Florence-Faenza - Ravenna - Ferrara-Venice-Milan - Turin - Nice - Toulon - Marseilles.

If you feel that this is too strenuous a tour, we suggest you cut out Venice and go from Florence - Pistoia-Parma - Piacenza-Genova, but it seems a pity to miss Venice. The journey from Genova along the coast to Toulon is very lovely and you might prefer to go to Marseilles via Genova from Turin, although there is a cross-country line to Nice.

We give below a list of small hotels and have quoted the price for a double room only and we think it would be cheaper for you to buy your meals at the smaller restaurants. Naples: Liguria, Corso Garibaldi 80, 12 lire per day. Rome: Cancelleria, Corso Vitt. Emman. 209, 16 to 20 lire per day. Montenegro, Via Monte Brianzo 59, 15 to 20 lire per day. Chiusi: Corona, 10 lire per day. Asciano: Central. Siena: Tre Donzelle, 12 lire per day. Pisa: Galileo, 12 lire per day. Florence: Nazionale Scannavini, P.S. Maria Novella, 11 lire per day. Spagna, Via Panzani 11, 13 lire per day.

Faenza - Ravenna - Ferrara: We regret we have no inexpensive hotels on our lists, but undoubtedly you will be able to obtain some advice at Naples. Venice: San Marco, Calle dei Fabbri 877, 15 lire per day. Stella d'Oro and Belle Vue, S. Marco-Ponte, 15 lire per day. Milan: Italia, Piazza le Fiume, 24 lire per day. Turin: Prussia, Via Cernaia 23, 12 lire per day. Tre Re, Piazza Statuto, 9 lire per day. As requested we have quoted you the cheapest hotels but not pensions as usually the latter only take visitors for a number

(*Continued on page 364*)

ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN PERIOD: The Basilica of Sant' Appolinare Nuovo at Ravenna, erected after A.D. 500 by Theodoric as an Arian Cathedral and ceded to the Roman Catholics in the second half of the century

**News from France.**—A correspondent, just returned from motoring in France, writes reassuringly about conditions as they apply to tourists: "Except for an occasional demonstration we found no outward signs of tension anywhere, either in the north, the south, or in the eastern Pyrenees. The people with whom we came in contact were uniformly kind and helpful and gave us a very favourable impression of the French character. All the ordinary second-class hotels in which we stayed were clean, and except along the Riviera (between Marseilles and St. Raphael) the cost of living proved more reasonable than we had expected. The average charges were about 18 francs for a single room and petit déjeuner, 15 francs for lunch and 20 francs for dinner (these two latter prices including wine). The coast resorts were packed with holiday makers and therefore more expensive, but I imagine they bring their prices down after the peak of the season. Motoring on French roads is a joy, and the average driving speed seems to be 60 m.p.h. With regard to petrol, we soon found it was worth while to pay for the more expensive brands."

**The Strasbourg Fair.**—The Strasbourg European Fair will be in progress from September 5 to 25, and the French railways have decided on a reduction in the price of tickets for people attending it. It is announced that from August 31 until September 25, inclusive, tickets for the return journey between any French port or frontier station and Strasbourg will be issued at 40 per cent. less than the usual rate for two single journeys. This is a notable concession, because it does not bind you to return by the same route, and allows you to break your journey at any station en route. The only point to be borne in mind is that the validity of the ticket cannot on any condition be extended after the 25th.

**Madeira and the Union Castle Line.**—A list of the Union Castle Line's Christmas sailings to Madeira is just out, with the offer of a special return fare of £20 first class. You can leave Southampton on December 11 or 18 while there are homeward bound sailings on December 17, 24, and 31, and on January 7 and 12. The passage takes from three to four days. It is definitely an attractive idea for anybody who can spare the time, as Madeira is beautifully warm and sunny at that, as at all other seasons.

"THE INKSTAND": This is the local nickname for the statue to Napoleon and his brothers in the Place du Diamant, Ajaccio, Corsica, writes "The Sphere's" travel correspondent, is admirably suited for a holiday in October, as in this month there is almost continuous sunshine and climatic conditions generally are all that could be desired

OLD WORLD SIENA: A city which should certainly be visited by those planning an Italian tour of any length

*Plan for September Now!*

Summer lasts longer in Cornwall. The early bird may get the worm but September gets the best weather. Half-an-hour more sunshine than London . . . half-an-hour more for bathing, surf-riding, fishing (trout), shooting, tennis, golf. After the heat of London enjoy the amenities and comforts of a very first-class hotel (String Band and Dance Orchestra) and return refreshed and secure from the cold of a London winter.

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# In Quest of

## Roslin Hall, Torquay Offer the Lo

I HAVE a great deal of sympathy with the person who has to holiday alone, yet does not want to be alone. The larger the hotel the greater the solitude; the smaller the hotel the more likelihood of finding everybody in parties, and we Britishers are pretty poor hands in the art of social ice breaking!

From my knowledge of hotel proprietors and managers, however, I know that they are always most ready and willing to assist in effecting social introductions, but it must be remembered that as there are many people who prefer to remain aloof, the hotelier cannot be expected to act as social host or hostess unless approached.

Of course there are, in many of the larger hotels in the season, official hostesses to arrange dances, bridge drives, tennis tournaments, and so on, and they carry out their duties with considerable tact and discretion.

At the same time one always detects in some hotels a certain frigidity of atmosphere, so my advice to those who do not wish to be alone is to seek an hotel where the atmosphere is definitely known to be friendly, and before booking accommodation write and say that he or she will be alone and enquire whether they can find partners for golf, tennis, or bridge.

So I will tell you of an hotel where, whether you are old or young, male or female, plain or beautiful, I am perfectly certain you will immediately feel at home.

The hotel I have in mind is Roslin Hall at Torquay; the natural friendliness of its atmosphere has as its source Mrs. V. F. Gresham, who is blessed with a charming personality and such a joy of service, that she has invested her staff with the same desire.

Mrs. Gresham's whole policy at Roslin Hall has always been that of making the hotel a real holiday home; there are no rules, but an understanding between guests and management which renders them unnecessary, making the guests feel temporarily that the hotel is theirs. In short, Mrs. Gresham's desire is that Roslin Hall should be an hotel where all ages can be satisfied, and guests so happy that they will go away counting Torquay as one of the gems of the earth.

This is the only hotel I know where the staff problem has been solved by a 75 per cent. lady staff, and I am sure this had a marked effect on the atmosphere of Roslin Hall. It does away with all the do-as-little-as-we-can and get-all-we-can attitude of a temporary staff in rush periods. There's a 100 per cent. loyalty for Mrs. Gresham and such an atmosphere of friendliness that Roslin Hall is able to hold each year a re-union dinner in London.

So you will sense that should you be holidaying in September, October, or any other month of the year, Roslin Hall is

**ALEXANDRA HOTEL** HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

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# Good Hotels

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* * * * *

### Answers to Correspondents

*The Fal and Helford Rivers.*—A very excellent September holiday can be experienced by exploring these miles of waterways, with the Greenbank Hotel, Falmouth as headquarters.

The Greenbank, which is a well-known haunt of yachtsmen, is right on the water's edge with a private pier adjoining, where, if you have not your own yacht, craft of every size and kind can be hired or a steamer can take you to St. Mawes, Truro, and other interesting places. But if it is motoring you prefer, the Greenbank Hotel makes an equally good headquarters for exploring the Lizard, Land's End, St. Ives and, in fact, most parts of Cornwall.

*Seaside Golfing Holidays.*—Judging from my correspondence, September seems a great holiday month for golfers, and I have received a number of enquiries for seaside hotels where the links practically adjoin the hotel. I do not suggest that all the links I mention here are up to championship standard, but they all provide good holiday golf for golfers of every calibre and the hotels themselves are, of course, fully up to championship standard!

*Thorpeness.*—You will like the Dolphin Inn and the Thorpeness golf links adjoining, and when you want a change there are the Aldeburgh links only 3 miles away.

*Sussex.*—For those contemplating the Seaford district, and who want something very much off the beaten track, I can recommend the Birling Gap Hotel, between Eastbourne and Seaford, where there is a 9-hole course.

No mention of Sussex is complete without Cooden Beach Hotel, where the links and the hotel vie with each other as to which takes the honour!

*South-west England* is rich in good hotels with good golf attached. Headland Hotel, Newquay (Newquay links adjoin); Treglos Hotel, St. Merryn, Padstow, three minutes from the Trevose links; Dormy House, Rock, for the St. Enodoc golf links; and the Great Western Railway Hotels, the Manor House at Moretonhampstead, and Treganna Castle at St. Ives both have a strong golfing flavour.

And, finally, for those who want to take their golf seriously, there is the Prince of Wales Hotel at Southport, with seven first-class courses within half-an-hour of the front door.

*Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of* THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*


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How lucky people are that can do this when for family reasons the majority must holiday in August. And what a glorious month to visit Devon . . . especially if you stay at LINCOMBE HALL, which in itself is a lovely spot with its own Hard Tennis Court, Putting Green and Croquet Lawn . . . yet near to Bathing Beach and Town centre. Write to the Manager, Mr. S. P. Paul, for a brochure and particulars of attractive late holiday terms. Telephone: Torquay 2302.

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will be appreciated by all those who would escape from the noise of traffic and trippers . . . and would feast on delectable scenery as well as delectable food. Reduced Autumn terms.
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*on the shore of Lake Windermere*

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*. . . an extract from our rather original booklet. May we send you a copy?*
**FERRING GRANGE HOTEL** Nr. WORTHING

## TRAVEL BUREAU — Answers to Correspondents

*(Continued from page 361)*

of days and you would not find it cheaper to use these for one or two nights. [Ref.: E.B. 115. August 6, 1936.]

**October Sunshine: Some Places to Look for it.**—Thank you for your letter. For a holiday in October there is really very little choice. You would probably get more sun on the French Riviera than anywhere else at that time of the year.

Nice would be very enjoyable in October, and the facilities for excursions are exceptional. Motor charabancs run in every direction east to Monte Carlo, and the Italian Riviera, west to Cannes and St. Raphael, and north into the beautiful region of the Maritime Alps.

Corsica, too, is admirably situated for a holiday in October, being eternally bathed in sunshine. There you have the sea combined with wonderful scenery and beautiful mountains. There is a daily service by the Compagnie Fraissinet boats from Marseilles, Nice, or Toulon. [Ref: W.E.H. 4. August 15, 1936.]

As regards Portugal, Estoril will be ideal in October. It is a most attractive resort with golf course, tennis, and casino, and there is an excellent beach. The surrounding country is very attractive too, and you could have some interesting excursions. The Parque Hotel there charges 12s. 6d. per day inclusive: the Paris is more expensive, about 15s. per day. In view of the political situation in Spain, you would be well advised to decide on Estoril.

It is difficult to say what Biarritz would be like in October, sometimes it is quite warm, but on the other hand it might be rather cool.

As an alternative we suggest Puerto Orotava in the Canary Isles. situated on the north-west side of Teneriffe. Bathing is indulged in the whole year round. There are two hotels, the Grand Taoro and the Martianez, charging from 15s. per day, and the Pension Thompson, which is quite good, about 6s. per day. [Ref. E.B. 111. July 29, 1936.]

**An Attractive Breton Resort.**—La Baule on the coast of Brittany has an excellent beach, in fact it has one of the finest sand beaches in France and is ideal for bathing. Here you would be sure of getting plenty of warm sunny weather in September. It can be reached from London via Southampton—St. Malo in sixteen hours forty minutes.

Most of the hotels are open from March to October. We suggest the following: Adelphi, 35 to 45 francs; Majestic, 50 to 75 francs; or the Normandy, 35 to 50 francs per day inclusive. [Ref. W.E.H.6. August 15, 1936.]

## PLOT, COUNTER-PLOT IN RUSSIA

*(Continued from page 332)*

periodical internal troubles and expulsions. It is really a struggle for power, and it is the nature of Bolshevism to plot. Lenin rose and remained supreme until his death because of his genius and outstanding ability. Stalin is able, but he has not the qualities of his predecessor, and so he has competitors. For the moment he is secure and his popularity enhanced by his ruthlessness, but in a few months the plotting will start again. The rumours as to the poor state of his health may be discounted and at fifty-seven he is comparatively young for a national leader, but Russia breeds fanatics, and fanatics often shoot. There are leaders of the Red Army who are men of no mean ability, and men with ambition. They are Stalin's strong right hand to-day; they may be something very different in a year's time.

Moscow's latest plot, trial, and execution are likely to have an interesting reaction in this country. For the past few months the Communist Party of Great Britain has been carrying on a carefully thought-out agitation for a united front with the Labour Party, and at the latter's conference early next month there will be put forward by a large number of delegates a demand in favour of it. The Executive of the Labour Party is definitely and vehemently opposed to it and will doubtless use the Moscow trial as an example of Communism in practice and a potent argument against Communist affiliation in Britain. It will be interesting to see how the Communist Party of Great Britain explains this latest example of Red dictatorship in practice, particularly as a few days ago their daily organ bore the striking headline "stop them from killing democracy."

J. Baker White

A GATHERING IN THE HIGHLAND CAPITAL: Colonel Frazer, Lord Lovat, and Sheriff Baillie pictured together at the Northern Games in Inverness. The great event of the meeting was a pipe band contest

## H.M.S. "Neptune" at Kiel

In THE SPHERE of August 22, on p. 291, a picture was published which was described as being the British warship H.M.S. *Neptune* at Kiel. In point of fact this ship was the Italian cruiser *Gorizia*. *Neptune* was at Kiel at that moment, but did not appear in our illustration. We much regret the error, which has been pointed out to us by the Admiralty and by several readers.

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**Bexhill-on-Sea.**—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
**Blackpool.**—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
**Bournemouth.**—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
**Brighton.**—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
**Bude.**—The Grenville Hotel.
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**Exeter.**—Royal Clarence Hotel.
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**Falmouth.**—Greenbank Hotel.
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**Godalming.**—The Lake Hotel.
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**Harrogate.**—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
**Harrogate.**—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
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**Hastings.**—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
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**Taunton (Somerset).**—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
**Tavistock (Devon).**—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
**Tewkesbury, Gloucester.**—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
**Torquay.**—Lincombe Hall.
**Torquay.**—Palm Court Hotel.
**Westcliff-on-Sea.**—Westcliff Hotel.
**West Wickham (Kent).**—Wickham Court Hotel
**Weybridge.**—Oatlands Park Hotel.
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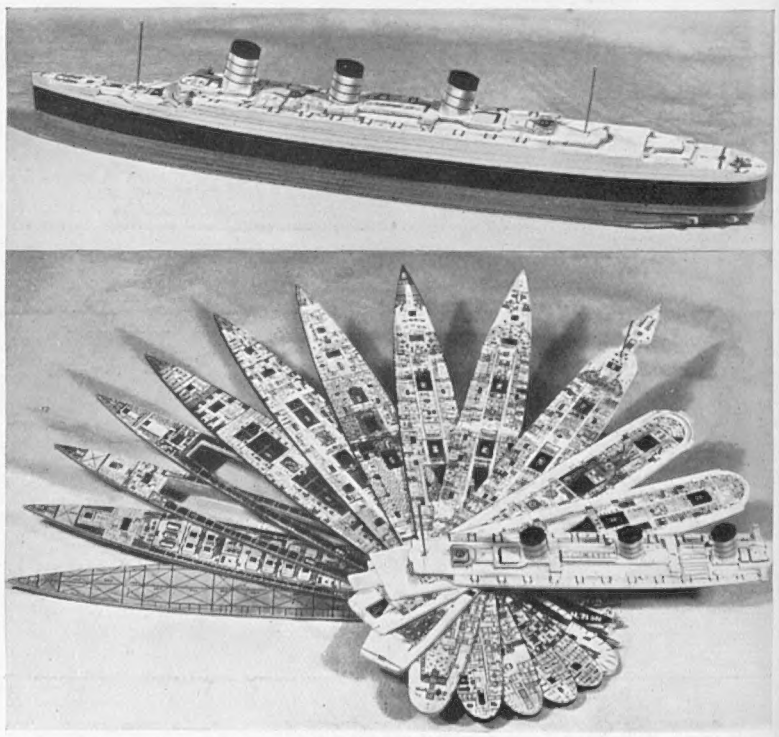

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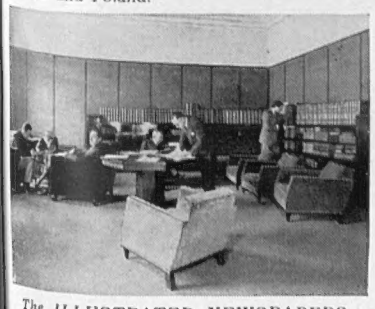

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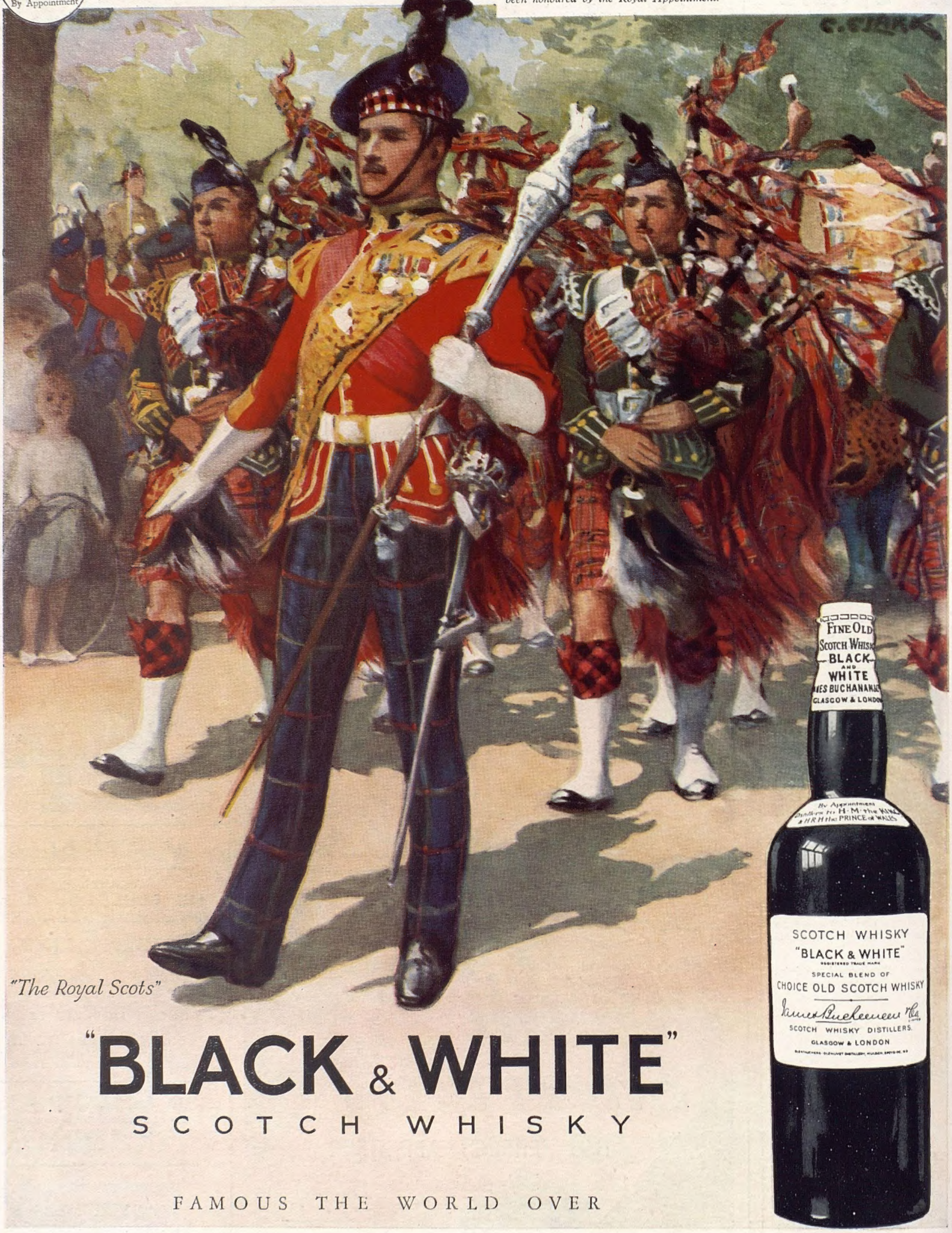


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